ONCE A WEEK

Vol. XIV. No. 16.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1895.

MRS. THEODORE HAVEMEYER.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is an occasional scare anent the industrial situation good for what ails the American Union?

* * *

It is several months now since quiet was restored at Chicago and elsewhere with the collapse of the great railroad strike; and yet Mr. Harry Perry Robinson, editor of the Chicago *Railway Age*, sees fit to utter some perturbing words in an article in the January *Forum*, entitled "The Humiliating Report of the Strike Commission." This article is the first formal attack by the General Managers Association of Chicago upon the recent findings of Carroll D. Wright and his associates.

* * *

In his opening paragraph the editor of the *Railway Age* speaks of the reign of lawlessness and lawless sentiment among the people in a manner highly amusing to one who has heard such talk before. There was doubt for a while, he writes, as to the stability of our form of government; but when the Federal Government sent a few Regulars, all was soon quiet. Leaders of other labor organizations, he says, threatened to help the A. R. U. to threaten the Government—but they didn't. Some few hot-headed fellows did try riot, arson and murder—but the industrial revolution by force of arms was averted. For several days it was uncertain whether the shooting match would not become general—but it never got further than Hammond. What caused most uneasiness was that the spirit of discontent was so rife among the people that "these things" were possible. It was "not anything that was done so much as the method of its doing and the narrow escape from what was undone," concludes Mr. Robinson.

* * *

A sigh of relief is in order here. The sensational and perturbing tone of the whole article is based on this same Might-Have-Been. We escaped it that time, and, according to Mr. Robinson, it was the most critical and most menacing situation we have faced since the Civil War. This sweeping historical comparison is a matter of mere hearsay and reading with Mr. Robinson; for he was not over here in 1877, at the time of the great general railroad strike. If he had happened to be in Pittsburg the day the "boys" chased the State militia, when the mob burned the Pennsylvania Depot, and burned and robbed a yard full of freight cars, he could write an alarmful article without drawing on his inner consciousness.

* * *

The whole case against the Commission includes our form of government, the strike itself, Debs, mobs, Wright, Kernan, Worthington, and that old pen-stained veteran, "Despairing of the Republic."

* * *

The strike is over. Debs is in jail. Our form of government, according to the dispatches at the time, came near squelching everything that went up against it "in the premises." The mobs are leading lawless lives now as they did before the Pullman trouble. "Despairing of the Republic" is a topic too easy and cheap for these columns. The three Commissioners, therefore, are all we have left of the case.

* * *

Now, what is it that is on Mr. Robinson's mind? The Commissioners reported that "the strike was simply over the handling of Pullman cars, the men being ready to do their duty otherwise." Mr. Robinson shows there was trouble beginning June 29 and ending July 7 on the Wabash Railroad, that does not handle Pullman cars at all. Well, what of that? Everybody knows the trouble began on account of Pullman; and that it spread afterward, as such troubles will, owing to various causes. It is known also that Pullman was defiant throughout, as were also the General Managers. I do not say or care whether they had a right to assume this attitude or not. The fact is as stated. Then, given a Pullman origin and the "nothing to arbitrate" attitude, why is it not accurate to report that the whole strife was over handling Pullman cars? That is, hair-splitting and special pleading aside.

* * *

The Commissioners assert that a general union of railroad employees was never attempted until the railroads set the example. The editor of the *Railway Age* attacks this statement with much indignation. If we take the statement as applied to the trouble last summer, Mr. Robinson admits that it is true without seeming to notice it. He says that after the A. R. U. declared war, the General Managers Association, a combination of railroads already in existence, held an emergency meeting in Chicago and resolved to resist. Was not the Association, then, an example?

* * *

The Commissioners find that the workmen interested in the contest are to be credited with "manly, dignified and conservative conduct in the midst of excitement and threatened starvation." If their conduct is worthy of American citizenship, then Mr. Robinson despairs of the Republic. But he does not seem to understand that the very fact of our passing safely through such a crisis, without half trying, is a sure sign that there is a tremendous reserve force over here for law and order, not only in the form of government, but in the intelligence and patriotism of the very people who complain of grievances approaching the starvation point.

* * *

In this connection the editor of the *Railway Age* complains that the Commissioners failed to report the strikers as the "party of lawlessness, of murder, of incendiarism and of defiance of authority"; and that "on the other side was the party of loyalty to the United States," represented by the Association of General Managers.

* * *

The only question is, Would such a report be in accordance with the facts? The General Managers were loyal to the United States, and the great majority of the strikers were loyal and were not the authors of the destruction wrought or the defiance, slight as it was. In this case, we must bear in mind, the Managers and the United States were in close, friendly touch. That was as it should be, too, for property must be protected and domestic tranquillity insured. In this constitutional procedure, the strikers were on the outside, not sharing in the immediate benefits; still, they were not only loyal, but patient and hungry.

* * *

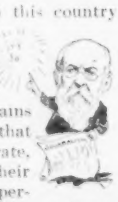
Once a Week condemns all such lawlessness as there was, contends that the strike is the worst enemy of organized labor, does not believe workmen have the right to strike, in the actual meaning of that word at all, and has continued for more than two years to offer a substitute for that mistaken procedure, in the form of the Joint-Stock Labor Union.

* * *

This journal cannot be accused of siding with lawlessness or the appearance of lawlessness or any of the steps leading up thereto. But the editor of the *Railway Age* in the *Forum* article is attempting a work at once mischievous to all the interests involved and offensive to the American sense of fair play. In addition, he is talking about a very important matter from half-knowledge and unseasoned generalities. His article has seemed to call for a protest from Once a Week. And here it is.

* * *

There are few large newspapers in this country which do not annually receive in their editorial rooms a contingent of young gentlemen from the colleges and universities. These enthusiasts, fresh from contact with culture at the fountains of ideas, usually arrive with the notion that they can reform journalism, or, at any rate, immensely improve it. The loss of their illusions at the end of a few months is perhaps compensated for by the worldly wisdom and material progress which these students finally secure. As those who are graduated from the college seek the newspaper, I suppose it was no more than fair that a past master in journalism, in the person of the brilliant and incisive editor of the New York *Sun*, should go to the college, as he went to Cornell the other day, and tell the collegians just how that eighth wonder of the world, the modern journal, is made.



* * *

Only the successful man could have had the courage to initiate the public, through the medium of this lecture, into the secrets of the phenomenal cheapness of paper and the making of pictures, and the vast economies introduced by typesetting machinery. But the luminous and venerable professor of journalism was also wise enough to show the college boys that a million dollars is none too much capital with which to start a good paper, and that a business education is an almost indispensable adjunct to a satisfactory editorial career. Here were solid chunks of wisdom—invaluable to the hardy youth who yearly land on the metropolitan pavement burdened with the belief that a great daily can be founded with a few dollars and abundant courage.

* * *

The wise Professor did not forget to pay his respects to frivolous newspapers, and while he admitted the necessity of their existence—reckoning, perhaps, with Carlyle, that the fool predominates in modern society—he advised the collegian carefully to make his choice of a public before founding his journal; and it was clear that he himself believes that greater profit is to be found in catering to the wise than to the foolish. Yet even the staid Professor relishes an occasional bit of admirable fooling—frisky, fantastic and pointed, in his own oracular print.

* * *

King Carnival reigns merrily in Canada. He has set up his throne in the capital this year for the first time and is holding high revel in the little city with the "crown of towers." He came as a conqueror truly, in defiance of the powers that be, for Lord Aberdeen did his best to keep out the merry monarch, and failing, has betaken himself in high dudgeon to Montreal.

* * *

Lord Aberdeen's opposition to the Carnival and the withdrawal of his promised patronage of the festival have given rise to much criticism in the Dominion and especially at Ottawa. His Excellency thinks that it is inappropriate to hold a Carnival at Ottawa so soon after the public funeral of the "eminent Canadian whose loss has been mourned not only by the whole Dominion, but by the Empire." The Carnival Committee declined to see the matter in that light, considering that nearly six weeks elapsed between the sad event of the Premier's death and the opening of the Carnival. They would, however, have been perfectly willing to abandon the idea if they had not already expended much of the people's money in advertising and other directions—money which they had no right to waste.

* * *

The Canadian press, commenting on the differences of opinion between Lord Aberdeen and the Carnival Committee, has not hesitated to point out the inconsistency of the Governor-General's attitude to the affair. Strange as it may appear, Lord Aberdeen himself shows no disposition to retire from the world out of respect to the late Premier's memory, but has been regularly attending and giving entertainments both of a private and public character since his return from the funeral of Sir John Thompson. The fact that these entertainments take place in Montreal is of small significance, since the doings of the Vice-Regal party are always carefully recorded in the daily papers throughout the Dominion.

* * *

There are those who say that the Aberdeens love power too well to brook opposition to their publicly expressed wishes, and that they would hold it *infra dig.* to yield to public sentiment, after failing to direct it in the way it should go according to their idea. And others again hold that in view of the superior attractions of Montreal as a place of residence, their Excellencies have no cause to regret any reason which might serve as an excuse for prolonging their stay in the metropolis. However that may be, the significant fact remains that they are enjoying themselves extremely well, while enjoining on the public at Ottawa the propriety of a longer period of mourning for the departed Premier.

* * *

The Carnival has, of course, lost a good deal by the withdrawal of the Vice-Regal patronage. The presence of the mimic Court at Ottawa is always a source of interest to strangers, and it was only reasonable to suppose that in the event of their crowning the festival with their approval, their Excellencies would have given one of the famous night tobogganing and skating parties for which there are exceptional facilities at Rideau Hall, and which can scarcely be outdone in the matter of picturesqueness and enjoyableness. A few dinner parties and perhaps a ball at Government House would have added greatly to the prestige of the Carnival. Left to itself, the Committee has, however, spared no efforts

to make the festival a success, and has had the satisfaction, since Lord Aberdeen announced his intention of withdrawing his patronage, of having the subscriptions of several banks and of private individuals doubled, as a gratuitous expression of sympathy with their efforts.

* * *

LORD ABERDEEN holds, in self-defense, that "a distinction should be drawn between the customary recreations and entertainments of ordinary life, and a series of festivities of an exceptional and abnormal description not merely local in character, but intended to attract visitors from various parts of the continent." The etiquette of public mourning would seem to be curiously complicated, and the Canadian people do not seem able to grasp these fine distinctions. The outcome of the discussion will be to emphasize the growing unpopularity of the Aberdeens at Ottawa.

* * *

THE persistent attacks of the Socialists in France upon Parliamentary government brought on a crisis in national affairs, which culminated in the resignation of President Casimir-Perier, on January 15. Premier Dupuy's Ministry had previously fallen. The President expresses his belief that the great struggle against the whole existing order of things in the country has now begun, and seems disinclined to head the resistance of society to its enemies. Thus to give up the conduct of affairs after only seven months' experience of their difficulties is a surprising action for a man so courageous by nature as Casimir-Perier.

* * *

POSSIBLY he expects to get his powers reaffirmed by the National Assembly now called to elect a President. If he were to be triumphantly re-elected, and then to inaugurate a campaign of extreme vigor against the Socialists, France and Europe would feel reasssured. The election of M. Brisson would, on the contrary, be received with misgivings.

* * *

M. CASIMIR-PERIER'S technical reason for resignation is that years ago he was associated with Ministers the integrity of whose administration is now questioned; and that the Socialists are bitterly attacking him, doubtless unjustly, on that account. As President he cannot defend himself; therefore he "steps down and out." If the crisis brings on new general elections, and an increase of the Socialistic deputation in the Chamber, the President will be severely blamed for deserting his post in the hour of danger.

* * *

FRANCE is likely to have much trouble with her Socialists. If the masses in the great cities of Paris, Marseilles and Lyons were armed to-day, as they were at the epoch of the Commune of 1871, there would already have been a new insurrection.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY is entering with vigor on his campaign against the House of Lords.

His Cardiff speech on January 18 gave an extended view of the programme of the Liberal party with regard to the Peers. The Universal Suffrage Congress before which the speech was delivered passed a resolution reaffirming the anti-Lords declarations of the Leeds Conference. I hope that the young leader's attack upon the hereditary House will not be diverted by foreign complications.

* * *

Is not the Ambassador of the United States worthy of his hire? Or, to put it more specifically, should he not have a much higher salary than he gets? Ambassador Eustis in Paris is weary of spending fifty thousand dollars, and receiving only seventeen thousand five hundred dollars per annum; Ambassador Bayard in London is in the same case; and Ambassador Breckinridge has found that Russian social life is too costly for the modest purse of an American diplomat. Why not pay our envoys, to whom we intrust such important interests, as much as other peoples pay their Ambassadors?

* * *

THE answer of the unthinking member of Congress who believes in cheese-paring policies is that we need no Ambassadors. "Cut them all off," he says; "and transact our business by cable. Then we shall hear no more about fifty thousand-dollar salaries."

* * *

OF course this is absurd, for the simple reason that diplomacy is not business, and cannot be carried on in the sharp matter-of-fact way peculiar to business men. Diplomacy is eminently a social function; and demands that the diplomatist shall move in the best society and associate with the eminent and the great. Ambassadors from monarchical countries represent the persons of their sovereigns, and are expected to maintain an almost regal style, for which purpose they have handsome allowances. American Ambassadors represent the power and dignity of the seventy millions of the sovereign people of the United States; and it is strange that they are not allowed to maintain as good a footing as the representatives from smaller countries.

* * *

STRANGER yet it is to see rich Americans, who consider nothing too good or too expensive for themselves while they are temporarily residing in London or Paris, denying the same privileges to the American Ambassador, who may, by his social tact and knowledge obtained in the society of the capital to which he is accredited, be the means of saving tens of millions of dollars to his country. Diplomacy is not business, but it often has a wonderful effect upon business.

* * *

I SAY give our Ambassadors fifty thousand dollars a year, and build and furnish handsome residences for their use in the principal European cities. Then there will be some chance for a poor man to be an Ambassador now and then.

* * *

ENGLAND is at present building warships with wonderful celerity. One year after her keel was laid the Magnificent—the finest of the great ships of fourteen thousand tons displacement—took the water.

* * *

JAPAN will avoid any trouble with England by not attempting to ascend the Yang-tse-Kiang River with her warships. She evidently intends to do everything to avoid European intervention. Kaiser Wilhelm is hastening to build new ships. It is rumored that he wants a fleet in the East also.

* * *

THE Pope recently remarked that nothing would be more consoling to him than to see peace re-established between the Holy See and the Government of Italy; but that it is useless to speak of conciliation unless the rights of the Papacy are acknowledged.

* * *

LEO XIII. will shortly enter upon his eighty-seventh year. Not long ago the Rector of the Belgian College presented him with his work on the "Life of Leo XIII.," in two large volumes. "I thank you for your book," said the Pope; "but I must tell you that I hope to give you material for two more volumes as large as these."

* * *

EARTHQUAKES are so frequent in Southern Italy and Sicily this season that the inhabitants of many small towns have left their houses and are living in little huts in the fields. A political earthquake in Italy ere long seems very probable.

* * *

THE Coercion bill recently introduced in the German Reichstag is to be modified in committee. The Emperor's advisers can discern the signs of coming storm, although he obstinately refuses to see them.

* * *

PREMIER CRISPI'S daughter was recently married in Naples to Prince Linguaglossa. This was the marriage which Crispi's enemies hoped to prevent by unfounded charges against him.

* * *

EUROPE has been terribly scourged by snow and tempests during the early winter, and much loss of life and damage to property is reported from regions which are ordinarily free from ice and snow and the obstruction of railroads and highways by them.

* * *

THE Earl of Buckinghamshire, a descendant of John Hampden, has joined Lord Rosebery in his campaign against the British House of Lords.

* * *

THE Hovas have been defeated with heavy loss; the French are pushing the Madagascar campaign with great vigor, and one of our warships has been ordered to the adjacent African coast, to be in readiness to protect our interests. The export trade of Madagascar with this country is very large.

* * *

NEW ZEALAND'S offer to administer Samoa needs careful investigation by Uncle Sam.

* * *

IT appears that the Mikado's heir must by law choose his bride from among the distant branches of the Japanese Imperial family. So the selection of a foreign bride for him is out of the question.

* * *

ELEVEN peasants known as "Votiaks" have been convicted at Viatka, in Russia, of human sacrifice to propitiate the wrath of their evil god, Kourbane. They are thorough pagans. Penal servitude in Siberia was the worst sentence inflicted.

* * *

THE Hawaiian Government naturally referred to this country the request of John Bull that he be allowed to lease an islet — preferably Necker Island, which he would have annexed some time ago if he had not been distanced by Hawaii, who ran her flag up just in time to prevent him from landing his marines—as a station for his cable which is to unite Canada and Australia. The United States Senate will most likely decline to sanction the creation of an English military post in the centre of the Hawaiian Islands. For that is what the cable station would soon amount to. First a telegraph office; next soldiers to guard it; then a fort for the troops to live in. Wily John Bull! But he cannot humbug Brother Jonathan.

THE great trolley car strike which began in Brooklyn January 14, and caused grave inconvenience daily to nearly three-quarters of a million persons, had been expected for some time. The grievances of the seven thousand motormen and conductors and car cleaners who struck were by no means trivial. Motormen and conductors receive nominally two dollars per day. But in the slack hours large numbers of cars are taken off from all the lines, and the men's wages are cut in proportion. Despite this, the company requires them to be present and ready for duty, which is rather a bold way of taking a man's time without compensating him for it.

* * *

THE men demand an increase from two dollars to two dollars and a quarter per day, unless the system of docking is abolished, in which case they will be satisfied with the present rate—none too much for the ten to twelve hours of daily toil, with the strain of constant attention caused by the electrical system. There is no more exhausting and nervous work than that of a motorman.

* * *

INASMUCH as the companies have increased the carrying capacity of their lines one-half by the introduction of the trolley, they might have hesitated before deciding to refuse the fair request of the men, and thus to "tie up" several hundred miles of road, leave fifteen hundred cars idle, and annoy two-thirds of the people of a city of a million inhabitants.

* * *

MR. GEORGE W. TURNER has become a Colonel upon Governor Morton's staff. The appointment was made sometime ago, but the commission was withheld for a time, at Mr. Turner's own request, pending the examination of some silly charges made against him by certain Chicago newspapers, concerning his communications with members of the City Council of that city. The charges were triumphantly disproved.

* * *

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry have just achieved a genuine success in a dramatic version of the legend of King Arthur, by Mr. Comyns Carr, at the Lyceum Theatre in London. The setting of this piece is said to be the most sumptuous ever seen in the English capital.

* * *

SPAIN'S retaliation war upon us, because of the abrogation of the reciprocity clause, did not last long. It didn't pay. Germany and Austria will probably have similar experiences.

* * *

SENATORS HILL and Gorman had a verbal duel in the Senate January 14, during which many bitter things were said on both sides. Senator Gorman, in the course of his remarks, called the Wilson, or Gorman bill "the best act which has been on the statute books for forty years"—a phrase which does not indicate that he is exactly in a mood for repentance. Much amusement was caused by Senator Hill's characterization of the late tariff measure as "the Gorman-Smith-Brice-Wilson-and-company's bill."

* * *

THE yacht Vigilant is still at Southampton, and could be placed in commission at short notice. But she has no centreboard, and absence of this will prevent her from taking part in the coming Mediterranean regatta.

* * *

THE "politicians" of Philadelphia have received a good shaking up lately, and the war on "bosses" has been as vigorous as that waged in New York. A committee of ninety-five is fighting earnestly for municipa reform.

* * *

THE remains of the late Mrs. William Waldorf Astor arrived here safely and were interred in Trinity Cemetery on the 12th inst. The religious services took place in Trinity Chapel in the presence of a not very numerous assemblage, considering the rank and wealth of the branch of the Astor family to which the bereaved husband belongs. Mr. Astor, who returned to Europe shortly after the funeral, ordered a florist to keep the casket covered with flowers every day for a year at a cost of fifty thousand dollars for that period.

* * *

THE Sultan has lost his temper, as most persons do when in the wrong. He is even foolish enough to want Great Britain to discipline Mr. Gladstone for making a speech against him and his unspeakable Turks. And he has decided that newspaper men must not accompany the investigating commission to Armenia. All of which indicates that he is losing his head, as he will by and by lose his capital.

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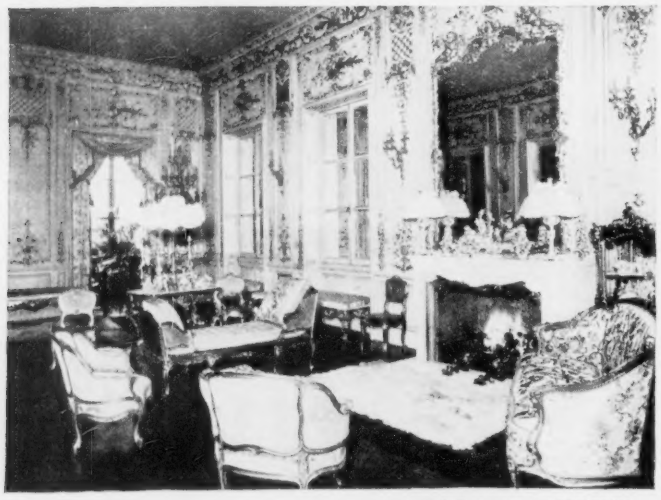
M. FREDERIC FEBVRE, the accomplished French actor shortly to visit this country, created the famous role of the American, Clarkson, in Dumas's play of "L'Etrangere," in Paris, some years ago.

* * *

THE approaching betrothal of Lord Dufferin's eldest son and heir, the Earl of Ava, to a wealthy American lady, is announced.

THE HALL

THE DINING ROOM



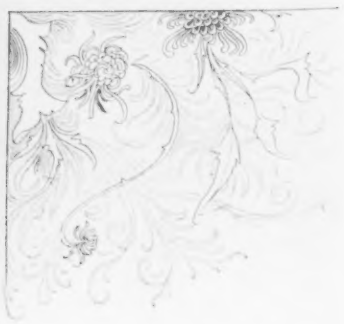
S.E. CORNER OF BALLROOM

CHINESE ROOM

CORNER OF PICTURE GALLERY

MIDDLE OF MUSIC ROOM

MRS HAVEMEYER'S BEDROOM



RESIDENCE OF MRS. THEO. HAVEMEYER, MADISON AVE. AND THIRTY-EIGHTH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

(See page 10.)

CONGRESSMAN F. E. DOWNING, ILLINOIS.

CONGRESSMAN C. A. TOWNE, MINNESOTA.

CONGRESSMAN J. A. HATCH, INDIANA.

CONGRESSMAN R. P. BISHOP, MICHIGAN.

CONGRESSMAN J. B. CORLISS, MICHIGAN.

CONGRESSMAN STANYARNE WILSON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—No. 6.

(See page 10.)

A FATAL PAUSE.

"How do I look to-night?" asked she;
And I speered round for a phrase to fit
A vision charming to ecstacy,
Hoping thereby to make a hit—

And succeeded better than I had wished.
"Plainly," I said, with an eloquent pause
Ere the compliment for which she had fished;
But she left with a deadly glare, because

I had not the time to add, "There's none
Of all the many who're here to-night
Who can hold a candle to you, fair one,
For, really, you're simply out of sight!"

THE BROWNIES.

PALMER COX TALKS ABOUT HIS FAMOUS BAND.

"I WROTE the first Brownie story in October, 1882, in my thirty-fourth year on earth. It was published in February, 1883, in *St. Nicholas*, and contained simply a band of ordinary Brownies without anything to characterize one from another. I had no more thought then of writing another Brownie story than—well! of kissing the man in the moon. But the editor asked for more, and I wrote number two, which still contained only the primitive band. In the third story, however, the first individual Brownie stepped out of the ranks in the form of the Irishman. The Irishman, therefore, being the first Brownie, is the oldest of the principal Brownies, and I have now reported his adventures for eleven years. The second Brownie was the Dude, and the third was Uncle Sam. After that they stepped to the front in such rapid succession that I soon had the entire band of thirty, consisting of the Indian, Dutchman, Esquimau, Scotchman, Turk, Student, Mariner, John Bull, and so on, the latest addition being the Negro, who has just appeared in the play; he has not appeared in the stories, and for obvious reasons probably never will."

Thus spoke Palmer Cox, the goblin artist-author, father of all the Brownies, and writer of the play which the children are now crowding the Fourteenth Street Theatre to see and laugh at. In personal appearance he resembles his famous children only in ruddy complexion and cheerful good-nature. He is not dwarfed like his Brownies, neither has he their round, chubby face. He is two inches taller than a six-footer, and his face is long and deep, and marked like that of a man who works hard with his brain. He cannot be like his little men in person, but he can and does practice their philosophy, and lives their life. If it's not dropping dignity, one might say Palmer Cox is a playful, happy fellow, never cruel or disobedient, never doing any one an injury, always cheerful in the face of misfortune. He comes very near being Browniesque in another respect, though—that is, by never being visible to mortal eye.

He is not in society; he is not a clubman, and maintains a sort of bachelor solitude, keeping himself a comparative stranger to men and women of the day. I imagine this proceeds principally from his rare simplicity of nature. For a man whose works are known from one end of the country to the other, he is certainly remarkably modest—more modest than he should be. Were he less modest he would be ambitious; as it is, he is simply enthusiastic—which perhaps, after all, is the happiest condition to work in, for enthusiasm belongs to children and children are happy. If you want to see Palmer Cox you must climb up to his studio in the red brick building corner of Broadway and Bond Street. He has bachelor apartments in Brooklyn, but it is in this studio that he works from morning till night, drawing Brownies, writing Brownies, surrounded the while by Brownies in cloth, in paper, on calendars and penwipers, dangling from strings and peering out from behind the pictures and desks—thousands of them.

"Won't you draw a Brownie for me?" I asked, as he continued his story; "draw the primitive and the evolved—that's what I want you to tell us about, you know, the evolution of the Brownie."

"Here they are already drawn," he said, catching up the first Brownie book. "You will notice," he went on, as he turned over the pages in his enthusiastic way, "that all but the Indian and the Japanese were evolved, as you call it, in the first book. They were added in the second book, and I have found since that thirty Brownies is quite all I can conveniently write up!" And then he read extracts here and there. If you want to hear the Brownie rhymes read with honest appreciation, you ought to hear the author read them.

"But now I want you to submit to cross-examination," I put in, "and go back to the very beginning. Where did you get the germ idea of the Brownies?"

"From a blunt, burly, good old Scotch neighbor of mine when I was a boy, up in Northern Canada." Mr. Cox is a Scotchman himself by birth, though that makes him none the less an American to-day.

"In the long white wintry night, with the house all bolted tight," he began, in Brownie meter, "my old Scotchman used to tell me Scotch legends, among them being the traditions of the Brownies, a band of little brown men who lived in the wood and at night went forth to gambol and caper, yet always helping those in real trouble. They were pledged to complete whatever task was assigned, in one night, for if the sun's rays once touched them they would lose their magical power—and that is why I always show them in such a mad rush to get away before sunrise. There you have the germ idea of the Brownies. My Scotch friend said they were brown of skin, small of stature, and cheery of nature; on hand only at night, and were never seen by mortals—that makes a Brownie.

"Well, these little fellows invaded my mind and imagination at the age of seven, and they have remained in the same premises ever since. At school I neglected lessons to draw fanciful images and grotesque scenes on my slate, in my books, on the walls of the schoolhouse, the fences, the furniture—everywhere. So I acquired a fondness first for drawing and then for reading, both of which natural inclinations, as I grew to manhood, I found I would have to drop. I had to make my bread and butter; couldn't do it with books and pictures, so I started out to make my fortune. I drifted to California, and for several years struggled along in the railroad business; but I only railroaded myself to a dead failure. Evidently I was not a good business man.

"About this time a good friend of mine saw some of my drawings—for I never could entirely resist picturing what I saw—and said if I would only go into training a bit I might find a market for my pictures. Well, I took his advice, contrived to get money to pay an artist for my instruction, and began sending cartoons with funny stories and squibs to the California papers. Eastern papers copied them; so, thinking I might do better in New York, I came here—and here I've been ever since.

"At that time Frederick Yuengling was this country's foremost engraver. There was something in my cartoons that suggested to him the child literature of Germany. He literally commanded me to write and illustrate stories for children. I obeyed, and sent a poem and picture to *St. Nicholas* forthwith. It was a story of animals and the picture was of animals dressed like human beings. It was accepted with a request for more. You may be sure I responded, and for some years animal stories was my specialty. All the time I was seeking for something fresh and original, something upon which I could concentrate my efforts, till one day—a letter from my old Scotch friend, an allusion to the Brownie men, and click! the idea was registered in my mind. Of course, the first Brownie story—'The Brownie Ride'—was the result. I sent my copy regularly to *St. Nicholas* for eight years before the editor and I became acquainted. Now you know how the Brownies were evolved. My Scotch friend, Frederick Yuengling, and necessity, did it."

'How did you come to hit on that familiar swing in the verses?" I asked.

"Scott's 'Marmion,'" he said. "All Scott's 'Marmion.' Even away back in the Canadian farm days I got my ear trained to the Burns and Scott meter. I knew their poetry by heart, and in my sleep I always seem to dream my dreams in rhyme. Scott, Burns and Shakespeare I made my favorite reading. I'm glad of that, for I got the language of comedies from Shakespeare, an idea of word music from Burns, and a clear and concise description from Scott. But from 'Marmion' in particular came the easy meter the Brownies so naturally swung into."

When asked to what he ascribed the great popularity of the Brownies over all other fairies, he said: "I'm convinced that it is due to their human qualities. Children easily believe that Brownies are real live beings. The faces of conventional fairies have always been too grotesque or idealized; but the Brownies are—well! there, isn't that face human?" And he pointed to the Brownie Policeman.

"And now about the Brownie play," I said; "how do you like your little men over there at the theatre? Had you the play in mind long?"

"Yes; I had thought of a play for years. Finally Mr. Malcolm Douglass and myself set to work—he writing the music, I the words—and after a year's hard labor we made what you now see at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. It took another year to produce the play, however, and indeed it was no easy task. We had to have little people, you see, and they had to have good voices. Only one out of every fifty applicants possessed the qualifications. At last we opened in Philadelphia, and really that first night was an anxious one for me. How would the public receive my Brownies in the flesh? Well, we haven't been playing to empty houses, have we?

"How does their make-up please me? Just this way. I made up my mind that we could not get an exact reproduction of a Brownie in any human being. All young men and women haven't round, chubby faces, and as for their legs, we couldn't very well reduce their legs to bones, could we? So we had to make them come as near to the original as an ingenious make-up possibly could, and be content. The criticism of the grown-up folks, to me, doesn't count. I want to know what the children think. The Brownie men, either in the book or in the play, belong to the children. If they approve, I'm happy. The future of the Brownies? I can only guess. I propose, the children dispose. The children, the Brownies and myself have got along first rate for twelve years. Now, I shall never tire of either. The future of the Brownies, therefore, lies with the children."

PICTURES FROM JAPAN.

"KOJIKI" is the oldest Japanese authority, and is said to be the work of a woman, who had so good a memory that she could repeat, verbatim, all the traditions she had ever heard. In the year 712 A.D. she repeated the ancient traditions, from the beginning of all things down to her own times.

According to the sacred "Kojiki," in the beginning—

"Far in the deep infinitudes of space,
Upon a throne of silence"

sat Ame-no-mi-naka-nushi-no-kami, the supreme, before whom fourteen subsidiary gods did bow.

Izanagi-no-kami and the goddess Izanami-no-kami became lovers. Among their children was Ten-Sho Dai-jin, the beautiful goddess of the sun, whose fifth descendant was Jimmu-Tenno ("Heaven Son"), who commenced his rule in the Japanese year one, or 660 B.C.

The Mikado is considered by the Japanese to be the son of the Sun Goddess, therefore he is implicitly and trustingly obeyed. Until 1868 the Mikados were too sacred to be looked upon by their subjects—ruled through the medium of a proxy or Shogun. The present Mikado called for the Shogun's resignation, and then announced that he would in future rule Japan.

The Emperor's private garden at Tokio strikes one as peculiar, at the first glance; but as it grows on one, and you see that the trees and plants are arranged with poetic reference, that each rock has its hidden meaning and every "hashidate" its parallel, its Japanese stiffness disappears.

In the foreground of the garden may be seen the dwarf plum trees, perfect in fruit and leaf, but only a foot high, some of them considerably over a hundred years old. Their production is a Japanese secret; their value is priceless.

Yoritimo is looked upon as one of the ablest rulers and greatest generals who ever lived in Japan. The Mikado gave him the title of Sei-i-Shogun, or Barbarian Subjugating Great General. Yoritimo managed to get the governing power into his hands in such a shape that his system of government prevailed down to the abolition of the Shogunate in 1868.

Although Yoritimo founded the city of Kamakura, there are no remains of the once famous Shogun capital, except the colossal statue, the eastern Daibutsu, once the glory of the city.

In the shadow of the brazen Daibutsu rest the ashes of Yoritimo, where they were laid in the year 1199 A.D. The little marble grave is kept with scrupulous care, and the pretty yard and blooming flowers still show the marks of some one's faithful care and tender devotion.

Cruising through the Japanese Mediterranean reminds one of the Hudson at West Point. One moment you expect the ship will ground, the next a sharp curve reveals a long stretch of the beautiful inland sea. Through the dazzling mist rises a stately bird-rest, which guards the approaches to the Imperial temple of Myajima.

From the top of this picturesque Tori-i the Japanese nightingales announce to the copper gods at Myajima that the Sun Goddess has arisen at the dawn of day.

Nagoya Castle is one of the national monuments, wherein is kept a garrison to guard the central palace. It is a building with five roofs, in the interior of which are some of the finest carvings in Japan. Upon the uppermost roof are placed two gold dolphins, valued at one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, one of which was exhibited at Vienna in 1873. It was wrecked on its return voyage, but was rescued and restored to its place, to the great satisfaction of the Japanese.

The beautiful lacquer-work so much admired was introduced by Yamato-Dake, the warrior prince. When crossing Yeddo Bay he encountered a hurricane, and his young wife, to appease the storm god's wrath, threw herself into the boiling sea. Years afterward Yamato, while on a distant mountain height, caught sight of the scene of his young wife's sacrifice and exclaimed, "Adzuma, Adzuma!" ("My wife, my wife!") The Plain of Yeddo is still, in poetry, called Adzuma.

The ex-Confederate ram Stonewall, now of the Japanese Navy, is called Adzuma-Kan.

The Japanese nobility seems to be of a different race of people from those whom they govern. The ladies have beautiful necks and pretty faces. Many of them could not be distinguished from their American or European sisters. But among the "jinriksha" men and the athletes there are marked features peculiar to Japan.

Palanquin traveling is considered by Japanese to be a luxury. Certainly, taking into consideration the climate, the sudden showers, the brilliant sunbursts and the dazzling mists, traveling can be enjoyed from nothing but a "Kaga." In earthquake times kuruma-men will not pull their jinrikshas, and the Japanese railroads come to a standstill. During a recent shake-up, the Nagarawa Railway bridge, two thousand four hundred feet long, said to be the strongest bridge in Japan, was crushed like a bird-cage, while the railway itself was twisted into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

The top of Mount Fugi was shaken off in times gone by; at another epoch the gigantic head of Daibutsu was knocked off and rolled in the mud.

The god Daibutsu was easily repaired, but Mount Fugi, to the infinite sorrow of the Japanese, could not be "fixed."

Mount Fugi is the Japanese beau ideal of everything lofty and pure. In the hottest of weather its top is capped with snow. Its height, twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet, is easily remembered, because of its accordance with the months and days of the year.

Diana, the Russian frigate, lately met with a peculiar experience at Shimoda. Suddenly, while at anchor, the ship was spun around forty-three times in thirty minutes, when it was thrown on the beach a useless wreck. These seismatic experiences add excitement to a traveler's life in "The Land of Great Gentleness."

"Aso San's" wall crater encircles a lake of boiling sulphur, the vicious roar from which sounds like the pounding of a hundred seas. At the mountain's foot are steam geysers and sulphur baths, to which many visitors are annually attracted. It is upon one of these "Yama" journeys that we show the Empress and her ordinary suite.

The servants may be distinguished by the white square with a dark centre on each arm, the ladies-in-waiting by their headdress. The men attendants, to the number of eighteen, bring up in the rear.

Upon State occasions the retinue of the Empress is greatly augmented by the presence of the nobles with their respective followers.

The Empress, when upon a visit to the nobility, takes an active part in the "O Cha No Yu," or Ceremonial Tea-Drinking, which was devised by General Hideyoshi to "calm the spirits" and prevent haste in important decisions.

The ceremony consists of the drawing of a single cup of tea, two hours being required to get through the innumerable details. Four stages of the ceremony are distinctly observed—arrival of the guests, making the tea, drinking it and admiration by the guests of the utensils. Each stage is conducted by an established rule as exact as a military drill.

While the Empress of Japan is skilled in the poetic "Shin-Gio-So" art of arranging flowers, she is also a finished "Swords-Woman."—(See page 9.)

A WRESTED ARGUMENT.

Jinks—"But, my dear, I haven't made a cent in months!"

Mrs. Jinks—"All the more reason, then, for you to give me what I want. Unless we keep up appearances we're ruined!"

NEW YORK AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD.

THE supremacy of New York asserts itself, unquestioned, in several departments of active life. New York is commercially the most important city in America. Rated by tangible tests—by volume of business done, by tonnage of vessels entering the harbor, by its miles of wharves, by acres of warehouses, by armies of clerks employed in business houses—New York legitimately and honestly gets first place as the commercial centre of the United States. New York is financially, also, the most important city in America. Rated again by tangible tests—by money capital of banks, by funds at command of great corporations, by effect of quotations made in its Wall Street market, by concourse of rich men in its streets—New York, without much hesitation of judgment, gets first place as the financial city of America. So again New York is the pivotal city of the United States in the sense that its own judgments carry weight and have value. The new play, the new opera, the new business enterprise, has a firmer basis in public esteem if it has been considered, if it has been indorsed, by a New York favorable judgment. A failure in New York does not necessarily mean a failure elsewhere for the enterprise; but a success in New York means greatly increased credit; the judgment of New York has fixed, conceded and definite value.

Thinking on these things, a certain sense of the importance of his own city naturally becomes a fixed notion in the mind of the New Yorker. But he has, until very lately, been obliged to be very modest in his gladness because of the limitations involved in the conditions. In material things, in tangible things, in things ratable in money values, the supremacy of the city was conceded; in immaterial, intangible things—in the things which belong to art, to literature, to expressions of mind action, supremacy had not till lately been even claimed. It is a surprise to many when the claim is now made that New York is fast becoming, if it has not already become, as clearly the literary centre of the United States as Paris is the literary centre of France, or London the literary centre of England.

For it is a new claim. Twenty-five years ago no one made it. Till then, Boston, almost without a rival, had stood for literature. In Boston the one distinctively literary magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, was published. In Boston were found the three or four publishing houses which claimed to be sponsors for the best literary work of the country. In and around Boston lived Horace Scudder, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Celia Thaxter, Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, W. D. Howells, Alcott, Norton, Aldrich, Thoreau, Whipple, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell. Boston was the Mecca of the literary pilgrim from abroad; the verdict of Boston on a literary venture was the verdict of America. This was Boston a generation ago. In a real sense this is Boston to-day. It is still a city of literary light and leading, still a city in which cultivated men and women abound, still a city in which literature, art and music have standing, position and power. But such a roll of great names as that just set down can no longer be put to the credit of Boston. If one runs over the list of men foremost in literary production to-day, one finds far more names to set down as belonging to New York than as belonging to Boston. The literary men now seem to be in New York; the publishing houses concerning themselves with pure literature are quite generally in New York; the books issued from New York exceed yearly those issued from all other American cities combined; the makers, the venders and the readers of literature have come over, apparently, to this commercial city by the sea. New York has become—as yet in no exclusive sense, but in a very real sense as compared with its own self a short generation ago—a literary centre.

Now that New York, in these days of sharp commercial competition, when the lower forms of literature have become means of enrichment to the best equipped, while still remaining snares of destruction to the ill provided, it is not strange if the great publishing house goes to the great city; and it is not strange that the great publishing house, the great newspaper syndicate, the great magazine enterprise, in desire for completeness of equipment, should add a staff of minor authors to its roll of clerks. It would not be strange that all these literary commercial enterprises together should bring brigades of literary privates and non-commissioned officers to the town, should give us a plentiful stock of minor literary persons, of hack writers, of review slaves, of manufacturers of literary underwear and hosiery; for certainly here is cause and effect. But this crowding of the pavement with the followers of literature, whose capital is ambition, and whose stock in trade is perseverance, would not, does not, make of New York a literary centre. It is such a centre, not because the men who live by literature are here, but because also the men are here by whom literature lives. The camp followers of literature are here because the camp is here; and the camp is here because the generals of literature are here.

So much seems, as one looks impartially at the literary field to-day, to be the fact. New York is becoming a literary centre because literature is coming of its own free will into the whirl and maze of commercial life. It is coming at much cost to itself. Authors are not rich men, as a rule, and to leave the ease and comfort of a home in one of the smaller cities to endure the angularity of a New York flat is a sacrifice. Authors are not calm-nerved men, as a rule, and to leave the restful country for the restless, never quiet city pavement is a sacrifice. Authors are not patient men, as a rule, and to live where a publisher, the most impatient man on earth, can get at one daily with his pestering urgings for the completion of the promised task, involves abandonment of comfort. Authors are not methodical men, as a rule, and to live where the milkman bawls out, and the ice cart bumps along, at precisely the same hour every day, involves the sacrifice of one's self to a system. Authors are modest men, as a rule, and to live where the reporter respects no modesty, invites the arrow of annoyance. For all these sacrifices something must compensate. I think it is fair to ask what this something may be; to ask, that is, why literature and the literary men are coming to the great cities?

Now I do not answer the question with the quick reply that it is because ease of barter and sale is the controlling force; and that ease of barter and sale is furthered by a residence in the city. For the great men of literature have no need to seek for easy conditions of barter and sale; and conditions of barter and sale are not with them controlling. With them, that which is controlling is a condition favorable for production, rather than a condition favorable for sale. If literary men come to the city, if literature comes to the city, it is, I believe, because in these modern days the best conditions of good work in literature are conditions of close association with men in active, vigorous, successful life. That is, literature comes to the city, literary men come to the city, to keep in touch with life.

When one states such a proposition as this, the notion that literature needs the stir of life to rouse and stimulate it does not seem to be a particularly novel or remarkable conception; and the further notion that imaginative literature gains substantiality by having its portrayals consonant with possible actualities does not, when presented, startle us into denial. Yet only a generation or so ago, exactly the reverse of these propositions was maintained in word or in act by most literary men. To gain the literary heavenly life one must leave the world behind, was an undisputed proposition of literary art. The poet claimed poetic license; the dramatist, romance writer, expected to traverse beyond possibility, if he wished, in the interest of his art. When a Shakespeare wrote a historical drama, truth to history was his last and least concern. When a Dumas wrote a historical novel, bondage to accuracy was not for him. A Scott boasts that he has, in writing "Kenilworth," changed the facts of history for the better, in the interest of art. But these happy days for a Scott, and a Dumas, and a Shakespeare, are gone. Modern science, preaching the gospel of verity, has put a new compulsion on literature. The spectrum lines in Astronomy have proved the oneness of the universe; and the spectrum lines in Art have proved the oneness of natural and æsthetic laws. It has come about that this is the first age the world has ever seen in which the scientific spirit and the imaginative spirit have become co-partners. For the first time in literary history, in the scientific, investigating, analytic nineteenth century, the artist has the compulsion of truth to verity upon him in his most imaginative work. His lines of construction must coincide with his lines of decoration. The truest verity, says this scientific age to the artist, must coincide with the noblest imaginative inspiration.

And the literary artist has, I think, accepted the compulsion. He is undertaking to get even his imaginative picture true to possible life. And he comes to the city to be among men in vigorous life. It is not alone that he may find this or that type in actual being; it is not alone that he may meet this or that kind of intellectual movement; it is that his whole work may be vivified by being written in the midst of pulsing, arousing activity. The large city, not the hillside and the lake, will be, I think, for this generation, the chosen home of genius.

FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD.

COUNT CRISPI'S SOLILOQUY

The Italian Premier, old but agile, has just barred the door of his office in the Parliament building at Rome, and told the guards through the key-hole to let nobody interrupt him. He looks sour and savage. Howlings of a mob are heard outside the windows. Cries of "No more taxes," "Down with Crispi!" resound. With a sudden resolve he opens the window, steps on the balcony, folds his arms.

Friends, Romans, countramen: lenda me your ears,
I come to lower taxes, not to raise 'em.
Ebbene! Now the people-a give me cheers,
The people-a know I love to praise 'em.
Bella Italia, constituzione!
Viva Umberto, Viva macaroni!

(The people are all satisfied and go away rejoicing; Crispi snickers and returns to his office.)

That good old speech still works upon the mob.
But here before me is another job;
The King must have more money for his fun,
The Queen for charity wants still more mun.
The army, too, is clamoring for pay,
The navy's in a devil of a way.
In the exchequer not a single cent
But has been three or four times overspent.
Dearly I'd love to raise a foreign loan,
But I can't raise a banker on the 'phone;
There's nothing left but some ingenious tax;
So, where the young *pollastro* got the ax,
The people—let 'em rave and shout and hollo—
Eternally will get it in the *collo*,
As much to-day as in the time of Pharaoh.
Let me sit down and have a *pensiero*.

(A thought strikes him; he hits back; they spar for wind.)

Now France is always after the dramatic,
But Italy goes in for operatic.
In cloak and dagger statesmanship we prance,
We're always open to a "song and dance."
Our saddest hours thus gayly we relievo
With basso or tenore recitato.
Thrum-a-thrum, we twang on the bass fiddle,
Ping-a-ling on picolo we twiddle;
Then boldly out, with slapping of our breast,
We sing the song and high inflate the chest.
So let me come on tip-toe from the wing,
Smile at the gentle public and then sing.

ARIA.

Francesco Crispi of Sicilia!
I'm like the Barber of Siviglia—
A regular factotum; my funny motions, note 'em—
Rollicking, terrific—each as preferable,
Gentle or gory
And, *con amore*,
Triple Alliance man, foe of the Vatican,
Friend of the Pope, Hater of soap,
Aristocrat, Democrat, Monarchist, Anarchist,
Voice that is thundrous or ispy,
In policy will-o'-the-wisp,
With only one note in my gay old throat
That sings the glory of Crispi.

(Puts on a cloak, hangs on a dagger, pulls a slouch hat over his eyes and stalks about the room with the regular operatic Italian villain's gait—namely, stamping the right foot on the ground, then advancing till the right toe drags crackling over the boards. Talks in basso profundo through his boots.)

This country, or its royal ruler,
Is getting ready for a regular cooler:
Abroad it daily sinks in disesteem,
At home it plunges in a madman's dream,
From woe to folly and from fume to fret,
Dancing and filing 'neath a load of debt.
The job to run the country was too much
For any of Umberto's slaves to touch.
So when my Sicily arose to arms,
When from Carrara came police alarms,
When monks were set upon in old Ancona,
And gensdarmes chopped to sausage in Bologna;
When riot ran its carnival in Venice,
And when Umberto (but his name was Dennis,
They sent for me and cried, "Oh, pull us through!"
And that is just the thing I'm going to do.
In any time of trouble I'm the man,
For while I'm singing I have found a plan.
But ev'r I boom it's beauties to the throng
First let me tell you something in a song.

(Throws off his cloak and sings with a tenore de grazia voice, kissing his hand right and left.)

Some years ago in Italy
We had a gallant King,
He loved the ladies famously
And gayly had his fling;
And ev'ry little noble lord,
From Naples up to Como,
Made money fly, and lived as high
As *il re galantuomo*.

But pleasure costs a tidy sum,
So, Emanuele rex,
When he'd spent all there was to hum,
Went out and kited checks.
The little lords went at it, too,
From Capri to the Duomo,
The proper caper was kiting paper
Like *il re galantuomo*.

I kited all I could myself,
I do admit the facts,
So back to get my share of pelf
I voted every tax;
And so it goes—'tis spend and grab,
From King to major-domo;
"We must be gay while the people pay,"
Said *il re galantuomo*.

(Resumes his early manner of the buffo baritone and proceeds with winks and shrugs.)

I taxed them in their houses, lands and goats,
I taxed them in gondolas and in boats,
I taxed them in their theatres and shops,
I taxed them in their bread and mutton chops;
Their wine I taxed, their singers—ev'ry howler,
I taxed hand-organs, and I taxed the "growler";
I taxed their horses, dogs and mules and donkeys,
Their cigarettes and their performing monkeys;
I taxed the bandits and the lazzarone,
The humble dago and the tough padrone;
I taxed the fluttering rags upon their backs,
I've offered prizes for another tax;
And now, it seems, the people getting tired,
Think it is time the King and I were "fired."
Such is the problem that now seeks solution,
And I must find it or face Revolution.

(Lolls in his armchair, lights a cigarette, crosses his legs and smiles with the air of a man who "knows it all.")

Now hear my plan this turbulence to bridle,
We've got a standing army standing idle,
We've got a navy crammed with useless cannon
That costs a fortune to feed every man on.
Now if these burdens, costing us like Tophet,
Could but be operated at a profit,
Just see how fat would grow our royal oyster,
How joyously the Court and King could royster!
You think I'm dreaming of a foreign war,
When that of all things earthly I abhor!
No, no! Italia has a bright resource,
In tune with all her love of art, of course.
Italians here are rather commonplace,
But once abroad they have a winning grace.
They're picturesque, and have no idle qualms,
Whether they merely rob or call it alms.
The nations love us for our love of art,
So our one million soldiers I would start,
No guns or bayonets in their serried ranks,
But half a million grinding at the cranks
Of half a million organs, every kind
That tinkle strings or are propelled by wind,
While half a million followed them like flunkeys,
Proud guardians of five hundred thousand monkeys.

(In love with his project he starts to his feet and uses his old Garibaldi trumpet tones.)

These I'd let loose on Germany and France,
For these the Russian bear would learn to dance.
They'd charm old Austria, delight old Spain—
Our navy then would bear them o'er the main,
Gath'ring ten thousand in the port of Cork,
They'd land, disguised as Irish, in New York.
There, changing tunes, they'd give them "Swe
"Salvation Sal" and "On the Bowery"—
The pure high art that charms the Yankee sou
Over America the tide would roll,
The people gathering around in flocks—
Our organ-soldiers gath'ring in the "rocks."
Thus can Italia from debt be freed
And good Count Crispi win his earthly meed.
There is my plan, and, mark me, I say "
Viva Italia, land of rags and dagos!

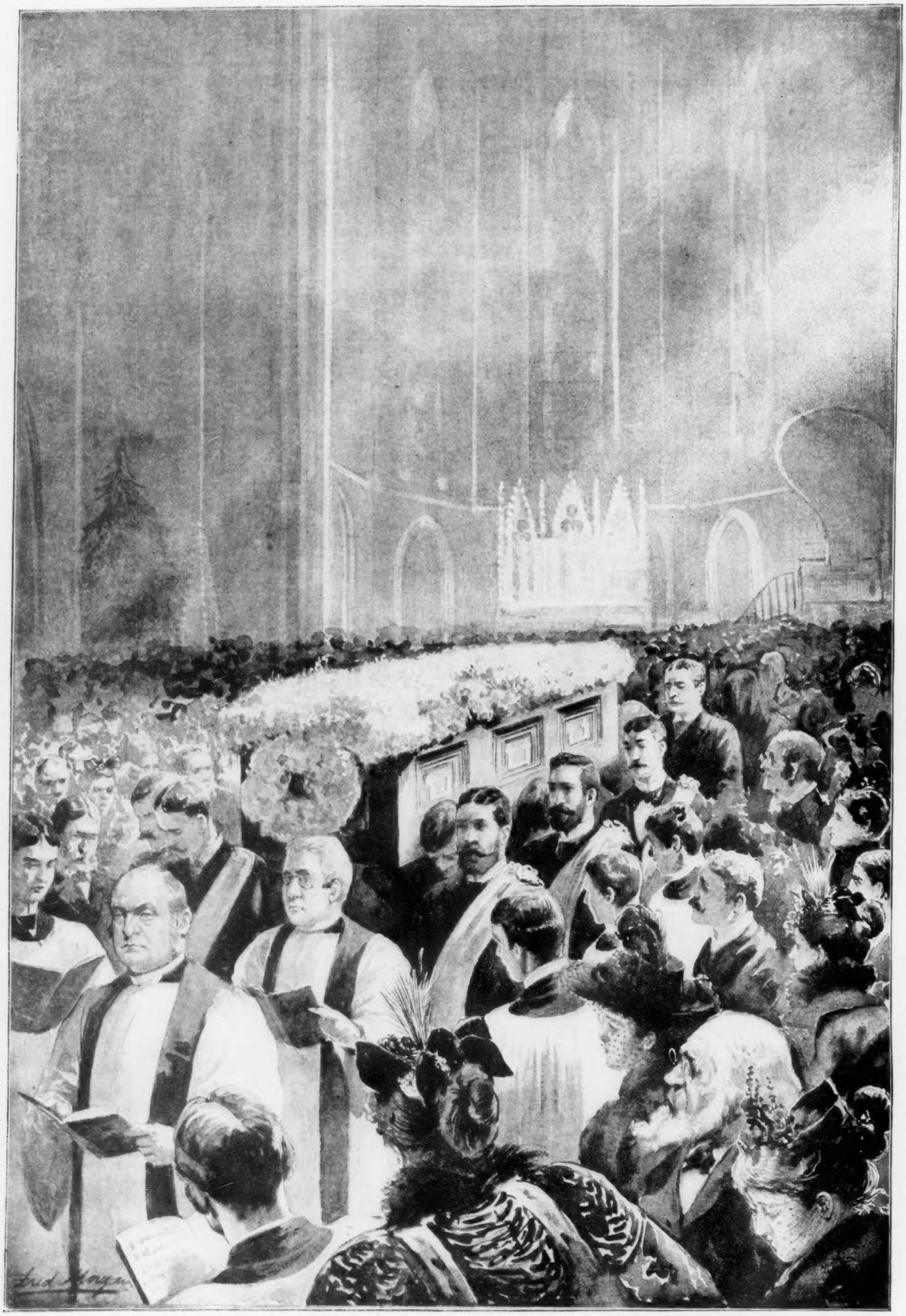
ANOTHER advance for the fair sex—Margherita Arlina Hamm editor of *The Journalist* and a capital Christmas number, interesting to all newspaperdom.

THE ONLY LOSERS.

Dr. Fourthly—"The story of the Prodigal Son has always seemed very affecting to me."

Smythe—"Yes, since first reading it I've felt great sympathy for the swine!"

FOR upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



FUNERAL OF MRS. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR AT TRINITY CHAPEL, JANUARY 12.

PICTURES FROM JAPAN.

(See page 6.)

MRS. THEODORE HAVEMEYER.

AT HOME AND IN SOCIETY.

IF you attend one of her afternoon receptions you drive along Madison Avenue to a large red brick house on Thirty-eighth Street corner and enter through the high wrought-iron gates. The horses' feet ring and echo upon the stone pavement of the courtyard, and you step directly from the carriage into the house. You are now in a great hallway, the walls of which, like the floor, are all of white marble, though the floor is covered with soft thicknesses of crimson velvet. On either side are suites of charming rooms, and in front is a grand staircase, flanked by broad and heavy tapestries.

You stand in a beautiful garden. Palms uprise round about, in green stateliness, sheltering the frailty of the white lilies and the wildness of growing daisies and buttercups blooming beneath. The effect of the white, crimson and green is beautiful. To give life to this scene, to-day—perhaps it is about four o'clock—imagine a sprinkling in twos, threes and larger groups of "smart" men and women—the men in frock coats with boutonniers, the women resplendent in fashionable frocks. Many of the fairer sex are young and beautiful; some of the sterner ones are strong and well-groomed, and both men and women are good to look at. The sweet strains of a good orchestra fill the air, though no musicians are visible.

At five o'clock electric lights spring into being everywhere, in the most unexpected places, and then the scene becomes literally brilliant. You have put away your coat or wrap, and now you enter the Louis Quatorze drawing-room on the left, with its many-mirrored sides and lights, to pay your respects to the hostess "At Home" to-day.

She stands near the doorway, a woman tall and commanding of figure, a face equally commanding, but not cold—a full, round, good face, with two very black eyes full of both dignity and fun flashing in a frame of glossy black hair. She is one of those of whom some one has said that all men who would feel noble ought to see, every day—a beautiful woman. This is Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer.

Your first impression is that she is a woman of very striking individuality. From her slightest gesture to the way in which she entertains society she is original. Mrs. Havemeyer has never allowed her personality to become merged in society; if she is an integral part of the social army, it is not as the unidentified soldier in the ranks, but as a general, a leader, in the front, and easily distinguished.

She is the mother of nine children, and you soon learn that the heart is an important factor in her life. She is, moreover, the mistress of four great establishments, and in each her personality is dominant, and of each she makes a real home. Said a friend of hers to me:

"There is that about Mrs. Havemeyer which, when she has been in a certain room for a while, makes everybody say, 'She has been here.'"

To-day Mrs. Havemeyer receives her guests and friends with a seeming interest, even sympathy, for each. To some she bows formally, perhaps in English fashion; others, especially the younger girls, she receives with a dignified handclasp of good-fellowship. She is fond of society, but never takes it in allopathic doses. She prefers to surround herself with friends of her own choosing, and always unbends among the few much quicker than among the crowd. The Patriarch and Assembly Balls, and many other social events of that nature, have no attraction for her; indeed, she would rather entertain a few friends at home with music than attend the most brilliant ball. Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer never appear on social parade merely for the sake of being in the procession, or because they are expected to be there. They consult their inclinations, and go only where they mean thoroughly to enjoy the occasion. So to-day you detect no sign of *ennui* in Mrs. Havemeyer while she receives; for, doing that which she enjoys doing, she cannot be bored. She listens to the music and engages in small talk, because those are the only proper things to do on such an occasion. When the guests depart from her house, only the real bores themselves could pronounce the affair dull.

Mrs. Havemeyer's favorite form of entertainment is music. Once or twice in each season she invites her friends to listen to the Boston Symphony, and between times more than one famous musician has made an instrument speak or has lifted up a lovely voice for a few guests. The ballroom in which the reception just mentioned is held, with its hard-wood floor and its freedom from tapestries, makes a most excellent music-room. Mr. Havemeyer plays the violin, and I believe also some other instrument, with much skill. The entire family is musical, and when all its members gather under that roof on Christmas Eve—as they usually do—they make an amateur orchestra among themselves, Mrs. Havemeyer usually furnishing the piano accompaniment.

Although her name does not always appear among the list of those present at purely social functions, it is seldom absent from the list of patronesses when music, or art, or literature is to be turned to account, charitably or otherwise.

The Havemeyers have always been wealthy, but they have not always been multi-millionaires. The name is a rightly honored one in the history of New York, for it was Frederick C. Havemeyer, the present Theodore's father, who as the Reform Candidate for Mayor overturned the Tweed Ring. It is generally supposed that Theodore inherited most of his wealth from his father, but as a matter of fact he has himself amassed his fortune, estimated now, I believe, between thirty and forty millions. He is most liberal with money in his home, and it is said that Mrs. Havemeyer helps him to spend in the best way eight hundred thousand dollars a year. She believes in having whatever is required for comfort or enjoyment, and this does not mean extravagance any further than the term is understood by other rich Americans. She has accepted prosperity step by step as a loving wife, a devoted mother, and a consistent, sensible woman, until now, no matter how much her husband adds to their fortune, money can make no appreciable difference in her plan of life or her mode of living.

She has trained their nine children in the right way, and has reason to be proud of each one. Of their five daughters, four are happily married; the remaining one is not yet "out." Two of their four sons are yet in college, a third, Theodore, Jr., is a well-known society man and club man, and Charles, familiarly called "Carly," is a thorough business man, devoting himself to the management of his father's estate, and preparing to follow the father's footsteps in the sugar market.

Their daughter Blanche, who married Mr. William Butler Duncan several years ago in Newport, lives in Westchester, where Mr. Duncan has a magnificent home. It was to her husband that Mr. Havemeyer, when he completed the enormous office building in Cortlandt Street, bearing his name, intrusted its care. Another daughter married Mr. E. C. Potter, the banker, and nephew of Bishop Potter. Mrs. Potter also lives in Westchester. The third married daughter is a Mrs. Tiffany, and the fourth is Mrs. Meyer, whose husband directs the great Havemeyer farm at Mah Wah, New Jersey. Of the married sons, Theodore, Jr., married a society girl, and Charles married one of the Misses Sands—a name familiar in New York society.

Among these children, aside from her husband and her own homes, of course, Mrs. Havemeyer divides her heart and her time—now visiting one daughter, then another, and in turn visiting her married sons. To the Havemeyer home, too, come each of the children whenever they desire, and during the season in town you seldom find the great house there on Madison Avenue without those most welcome, loved, honored guests, the children.

I have said that Mrs. Havemeyer is mistress of four establishments—four homes. Her husband pays taxes in three States—New York, New Jersey and Rhode Island. The Rhode Island home is in Newport, their summer residence. In New Jersey is the large farm at Mah Wah, and the New York homes include a magnificent new country seat on Long Island near Hempstead, and the town house of which we have been talking.

There is something about the exterior of this house which makes it seem particularly home-like. It may be its great number of windows with the sunshine streaming through them; it may be the strip of green lawn, or that inviting entrance, not at all common to New York houses—the porte-cochere. This particular porte-cochere is one of the very few in New York, that which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has added to his new palace being the only other I myself have seen in the city. In Washington, this French style of entrance is a common sight; certainly a desirable one, and New York can well afford more of them.

Through ponderous bronze doors you enter a great portico of glass, and mount a few steps into the hall, where one flower or another blooms the year round, and massive golden chairs upholstered in crimson invite you to rest. On the right are the reception-rooms, the salon and the dining-room; on the left is the ballroom. Upstairs you stumble into the conservatory with an open way in the centre looking down into the salon. Next to this is what Mrs. Havemeyer calls the antique room, and quite rightly, for it is filled with all sorts of rare and costly antiquities. There are several clocks which tinkle or chime, sing or toll, at the noon-hour. At the further end of the hall are the bed-chambers, *en suite*. The prevailing color is crimson.

At Newport, in their villa by the sea, Mrs. Havemeyer's personality dominates the home-life as in the metropolis. Here Mr. Havemeyer, whose hobby is horseflesh, has great stables full of all kinds of thoroughbred horses, sometimes as many as forty or forty-five at once. Mrs. Havemeyer shares her husband's pleasure in his horses, and is one of the most "correct" whips that speeds along Bellevue Avenue. She devotes her riding and driving almost entirely to Newport, for she is seldom seen holding the reins here in town. Many of the most distinguished men and women of this and other countries have been Mrs. Havemeyer's guests in Newport, and the villa is the continual scene of festivity—bicycle or riding parties, readings—throughout the summer.

When she finishes the round of gayeties at Newport, Mrs. Havemeyer can then go to her more secluded home on Long Island to finish the summer. This is Duff Farm, a great tract of land purchased only two years ago, adjoining the property of their friend, Mr. E. D. Morgan. Here, when Mr. Havemeyer wants to be with his horses, Mrs. Havemeyer accompanies him, and here together they join in the hunt—for this is where her husband keeps his hunting horses and dogs, and it is often the meeting-place of the Rockaway or Meadowbrook Hunt Clubs.

And then Mrs. Havemeyer may cross the ferry to Jersey, and after an hour or so by rail, and a few minutes by carriage, arrive at her favorite country home, "Mah Wah," the pride and hobby of her husband. Its western edge is skirted by the beautiful hills of Ramapo, and it covers a full square mile of territory. Here in the fine farmhouse all purely formal life is suspended. The hostess may have a small "house party" with her, but even then her guests are usually members of the family. Mr. Havemeyer has stocked this place with the very finest animals of all sorts—horses, real Southdown sheep, bulls with pompous pedigrees, cows of noble lineage—and when any animal falls below the standard it is at once killed or sold. Besides the carload of Mah Wah milk sent daily to the city, the farm yields mountains of hay and cargoes of produce. Here Mrs. Havemeyer usually spends the spring and early warm months, and hither she flies for a few days' rest more than once during the winter.

The maintenance of all these homes requires a large retinue. In her town house alone Mrs. Havemeyer has probably twenty-five servants—and this number is none too many when the size of the house and the frequent entertainments are considered. The *chef* must have his understudies, the coachman his grooms, the butler his assistants, the housekeeper her maids, not to count the body-servants of lord and lady. Mrs. Havemeyer is much beloved by all in her service, and go to her house when you will from year to year, you will find always the same domestics to wait upon you.

Mrs. Havemeyer dresses with artistic taste, likes ceremony and form so long as it is honest, and directs her household herself. Of course she travels and shops, attends dinners and receptions, has her charities and self-imposed duties, keeps in close touch with her children, and finds her chief and most enduring pleasure not in society, not among the "Four Hundred," of which she is very properly a member, but in her own homes.

GILSON WILLETS.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

CHARLES A. TOWNE, the new Republican member from the Sixth Congressional District of Minnesota, was born in Oakland County, Michigan, November 21, 1858. He was educated in the common schools, and was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1881. After studying law he began to practice in 1886 at Marquette, Mich. From there he went to Duluth in 1890. He has never held, or tried to hold office; but he has often been on the stump for the Republican party since 1876. He refused the certainty of the Congressional nomination at the special election in 1888. Mr. Towne was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by vote of 24,480 to 15,766 for M. R. Baldwin, the present member for the District, who is a Democrat, and 6,548 for Kittel Halvorsen, Populist.

John B. Corliss, Congressman-elect from the First District of Michigan, first became prominently known in Detroit in 1875 while engaged in the practice of law. An able lawyer and active and influential Republican, a worker, and a man of marked intelligence, his standing and influence have increased with years, and he now occupies an enviable place among the leading attorneys of Detroit. Court and fellow-lawyers alike attest his ability and integrity in his chosen profession.

From the Fourth Congressional District of South Carolina comes Stanyarne Wilson. Mr. Wilson represents a district which has always been overwhelmingly Democratic, and his majority was nearly six thousand votes. He is a native of South Carolina, and has been a resident of Spartanburg for fourteen years. His father, Colonel W. B. Wilson, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the State, and perhaps the most eloquent speaker at the Bar. Mr. Wilson was educated first at the Military Institute and then at Washington and Lee University, Virginia, from which he graduated in 1878 as "University orator." He was admitted to the Bar in 1881 by act of the Legislature, he then being a minor. Elected to the Legislature in 1884, and again in 1890, he ascended to the State Senate in 1892, and has been chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body since 1892.

Dr. Jethro A. Hatch, member of Congress elect from the Tenth District of Indiana, is a native of New York State, and was born in Chenango County, June, 1837. When about twelve years of age his family went West and settled in Sugar Grove, Kane County, Ill. Dr. Hatch was educated for his profession in Rush Medical College, where he graduated in 1860. He entered the army as surgeon in the Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry Volunteers, although then a resident of Kentland, Ind., as the boys of the regiment were very desirous of having him with them. He served three years in the army, and returned to Kentland, where he has since resided. In 1872 and 1873 he was elected to the State Legislature; in '74 was a candidate for the State Senate, but was defeated. In 1888 he was an alternate to the Republican Convention which nominated President Harrison.

Finis Ewing Downing, the new member of Congress from the Sixteenth District of Illinois, was born at Virginia, in that State, in 1846. Educated in the public schools, he engaged at an early age in general business, and when quite a young man removed to Butler, Mo., where he resided until 1875. Returning to his native town, he took an active part in local politics, was for twelve years Circuit Clerk of the county, and is the present Mayor of Virginia. In the Thirty-eighth General Assembly of Illinois he was elected Clerk of the Senate. Mr. Downing is prominent in Knights Templar and Republican circles, and is the proprietor of the Virginia *Republican*.

An interesting personality in the Fifty-fourth Congress will be that of Roswell P. Bishop, the Republican elected from the Ninth District of Michigan. Mr. Bishop is essentially a self-made man. His home is in Ludington, where he has for years been a conspicuous member of the legal profession. At different times he has been associated with Congressman Wheeler, Judge J. B. McMahon and other men of note in the practice of law. Mr. Bishop was born January 7, 1843, in Delaware County, New York. He enlisted, in 1861, in the war, and lost his right arm in 1862. Notwithstanding that affliction, he remained with his regiment and fought through numerous battles until discharged in the field, December, 1862. When he left the army, he acquired a better education, to enable him to do battle with the change in his physical condition. He entered Michigan University in 1868; accepted an appointment under the Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives at Washington, January, 1872; was admitted to the Bar at Ann Arbor in 1875, and began practicing at Ludington in 1876; was elected prosecuting attorney at Mason County in 1876; re-elected in 1878; in 1882 was a member of the State Legislature and in 1890 was made Clerk of the Committee on Military Affairs in the Fifty-first Congress. Since then he has been very prominent in State politics, and at the recent election received the largest plurality ever obtained by any Congressional candidate in the Ninth District.—(See page 5.)

"RORY OF THE HILL," which has been indorsed by prominent Irishmen throughout the country where the play has been presented, as a truthful picture of Irish life as at present existing, will have an elaborate production at the Academy of Music, this city, January 28. Two hundred people will be employed in the presentation of this play, twenty horses, a pack of foxhounds, chickens, geese, etc.

The majestic proportions of the stage of the Academy of Music will be utilized to the fullest extent in displaying the operation of the "Land League Laws," which afford grand opportunities for startling, realistic and novel stage pictures. It is promised that this production will rival any ever given at this notable playhouse.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

January 10.

THE very prettiest theatre bonnet that I have seen this season was a very simple affair. The crown of heavy gold beaded net was edged with a twist of green velvet which stood up in front in four butterfly loops. Falling over the hair in the back were bunches of chrysanthemums with their green leaves—a bunch of white on one side, and variegated red and yellow flowers on the other. This dainty chapeau was worn with a shoulder cape of green velvet cut out over black caracule, the perforations edged with gold cord, and showing an equal amount of the velvet and of the fur. Another theatre toque which attracted as much attention as its fair wearer was a puff of rose velvet with a bunch of lavender and purple asters falling behind each ear. A butterfly of tiny glossy black feathers and iridescent spangles stood up in the back, and a twist of the same held down the centre of the crown. Above the forehead was a single flower, and standing out from it many black aigrettes heavily loaded with iridescent spangles. A toque very becoming to a brunette was of dull green velvet with many humming-birds nestling in its folds. A loose bunch of violets fell from one side over the wearer's dark hair. Manufactured feathers are largely used. An article in a recent French paper commented on this as an indication that women were growing less cruel in their tastes. But when one remembers that these "manufactured" feathers are merely unreal combinations of hybrid plumes, it is not difficult to discover how the saving of bird life is effected by mixing the plumage of a peacock with the head of an owl or stripping a whole feather that the skeleton may be called an aigrette and loaded with jets and spangles. If anything, it is rather killing *two* birds with one stone.

Feathers were never more largely used, and no combination seems to have been left untried. An exquisite little cape just covering the shoulders is made of the white breasts of seagulls, and entirely edged with a trimming of white ostrich plumes. Another cape shown me at the same furrier's I thought extremely smart. It is a circular affair of sealskin with a double-breasted front fastening with four large pearl buttons. Turn-over collar and revers are of sable. To this season, among many absurdities, belongs the credit of evolving a warm, comfortable combination of cape and jacket. Few capes for winter wear are shown without the concealed sleeve that I have described in a previous letter, and this same feature will characterize the spring wraps. A dainty way of brightening a fur cape is to encircle the stand-up collar with a twist of ribbon ending in a smart square bow in the back. An interesting traveling wrap is made of two-faced shawl goods—a warm tan on one side, and a red and black plaid on the other. The stuff is arranged in a full double cape with straight revers of the plaid buttoned down each side of the front, giving the effect of a panel. The pointed hood shows the plaid again.

The American colony in Paris holds to the dwindling custom of receiving on New Year's Day, and several smart receptions marked the day and were the occasion and excuse of some lovely gowns. The aubergine craze seems to be dying out. It is a crude color at its best and was run to extremes in the fall and early winter. There are several new shades of rose, approaching the magenta almost; a deep vivid green, which is very whitening to the skin as well as very fashionable; and bluet was never more worn. A gown worn by the fashionable wife of a well-known American artist was of crisp bluet silk, with a lavender tone in it, and shot with polka dots of golden brown. The skirt was untrimmed save by a short tab of brown velvet held by a filigree silver button on each side of the front breadth. The bodice was a surplice of brown velvet fastening under the left arm with three silver buttons. The elbow-sleeves were of silk with five short velvet tabs radiating from the bottom of the sleeve, to which each was attached by a button. The bluet, silver and golden brown made a charming combination of colors. A gown of navy-blue cloth attracted my attention by its very simplicity. The skirt hung so exquisitely that the rustle of its stiff silk foundation was unnecessary. It was untrimmed save by several rows of white stitching about the bottom. The bodice was of blue velvet with a square yoke outlined by a band of sable. Below were three box-plaits of cloth front and back, showing the fitted velvet waist between the plaits and separated by rows of small white pearl buttons. Turn-over collar and cuffs of dainty hand-embroidered mull were worn with this gown. A stately dowager was imposing in a rich black velvet lavishly trimmed with moonlight-blue sequins and spangles. The skirt had on each side a pointed panel of this trimming edged with sable. The jacket bodice had a front of blue spangled net. A very effective gown had the whole of the tan cloth skirt covered with large scrolls of green velvet. Here again was a jacket bodice showing a vest composed of narrow ruffles of pink chiffon. The jacket was of green velvet with large sleeves matching the skirt. I have seen several reception gowns with sleeves of a quaint, old-fashioned brocade. These flowered silks, sometimes with broad stripes running through them, are being largely used for evening gowns. A very fetching dinner gown has skirt and large full sleeves of a Pompadour brocade. The bodice is of ecru lace embroidered with tiny white pearls. ETHELYN FRIEND.

6298.—Ladies' Corsage.

6269.—Girls' Dress.

6295.—Ladies' Lounging Robe.

6335.—Ladies' Evening Waist.

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

THE number of orders received for patterns since the issue of the first set supplies the most satisfactory assurance that the innovation is a welcome one. Last week there was an unavoidable delay of a few days between the receipt of the coupons and the mailing of patterns, but now that the new department is in good running order, patterns will be mailed promptly on the same day on which orders are received. A few mistakes having been made in filling out coupons, it is well to remind readers that the directions on the coupon should be carefully followed—*i.e.*, the name and address in full written clearly, also the number of the pattern required and the Bust or Waist Measure in inches, or the Age, as the case may be. For bodices give the bust measure, for skirts the waist measure and for children's and misses' garments the age. By observing these simple directions all confusion and delay will be avoided. It should be borne in mind that any pattern which has appeared at any time in ONCE A WEEK may always be obtained, and that it will therefore be to the advantage of readers to preserve back numbers of the paper for future reference. The designs on which these patterns are based being from the latest Paris, London and New York models, it may be safely assumed that in every case the pattern will be modish for at least a year after its first appearance.

No. 6298, the first one shown in this issue, is a smart bodice for a street costume in which brown crepon and ecru satin-faced cloth are combined, the box-plaits that outline the seamless vest in front being covered with a handsome design in embroidery. Broad, pointed lapels stand out stylishly from under the plaits and the closing is effected invisibly under the vest and left plait. Five box-plaits are laid on the plain fitting back, a full belt of velvet, and stock collar to match, finish the waist and neck. Full gigot sleeves of the crepon droop in graceful folds to the elbow, the lower portions fitting the arm closely. Similar corsages can be made up handsomely in velvet, silk or peau-de-soie, a combination of the fabrics being particularly *chic*. Insertion or passementerie can take the place of the embroidery, or it can be omitted altogether in favor of a plain finish. A glove-fitted body-lining provides a foundation for this handsome waist.

Pattern 6298 is cut in five sizes—viz., thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight and forty inches.

A dainty frock for a girl is shown in No. 6269, carried out in violet crepon tastefully trimmed with creamy insertion. The yoke is decorated with three rows of insertion, the full front and back being shirred on with a heading at pointed yoke depth. Full, gathered bretelles are edged with insertion and cross the shoulders, graduating to points at the waistline, front and back. Double puffs are stylishly arranged over fitted sleeves, that are decorated with triple rows of insertion. The closing is made invisible in the centre back, a standing collar finishing the neck. The full round skirt is trimmed near the bottom with a double row of insertion, the upper edge being gathered and sewed to the lower edge of waist. Any fashionable fabric in silk, wool or cotton will make up attractively in this style. The yoke and lower portions of the sleeves can be made of velvet, silk or other contrasting fabric or color, if a combination is desired.

Pattern 6269 is cut in three sizes, for misses of eight, ten and twelve years of age.

That most useful article of feminine apparel, a Ladies' Lounging Robe, is illustrated in No. 6295. Fancy striped French flannel in two shades of blue is the material used, the wide revers and collar being of solid pale blue. The general utility of such a garment will be seen at a glance. It may be used as a dressing gown, wrapper, bath or lounging robe, the difference of material and style of decoration alone determining its prescribed function. It is loose-fitting, the fronts lapping widely, and closing invisibly on the left side. A handsome *cordelière* of dark-blue silk confines the fullness at the waistline. The full sleeves are confined at the wrist by gathers, the lower edge falling as a frill, the inside of which is faced with the pale blue. Among the materials best suited for garments of this kind will be found plain and figured cashmere, camel's-hair eider-down, outing, Canton and Persian flannel, crepon, Turkish toweling, blanket or fancy woolen goods. A plain finish is all that is necessary. Pattern 6295 is cut in six sizes—viz., thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-two inches bust measure. The retail price of this pattern is thirty-five cents.

A very well-shaped evening bodice is shown in No. 6335. The original was made of pink satin, trimmed with chiffon, satin ribbon and pearl passementerie. The full waist is arranged over a smooth body-lining, fitted with the usual darts and seams, and closing in the centre front. The full, drawn front and back are arranged in a series of overlying plaits at the waistline, and made to close invisibly at the left shoulder, arm's eye and under arm seam.

The bertha is composed of square tabs of satin, edged with passementerie, set over a deep fall of chiffon. Butterfly bows of satin ribbon decorate each shoulder, the same ribbon being draped around the lower edge of the waist. Huge double puffs are arranged over fitted linings in the most approved fashion of the hour. This is a very generally becoming model, and can be elaborated upon, or made up as simpl[illegible] with color, material and tri[illegible] to individual taste.

Pattern 6335 is cut in fi[illegible] thirty-two, thirty-four, thir[illegible] eight and forty inches bust [illegible]

"This getting into debt is a [illegible] You ought to pay as you go.

"I'd like to; but I'm always going broke."

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A SKATING SONG.

Sing me a song of the flashing steel
That follows the willow-girt winding stream,
Whose flawless face, like a passing dream,
Flows back from under our ringing heel!
For clearly and sweet from our quickening feet
An echo rings sharp as a steed's in the street;
And our feet flash bright in the broad daylight,
And swift as a star falling down in the night!

Sing me a song of the flying feet
O'er the river that broadens to meet the bay!
On whose pallid face, glassing the ghost of day,
Sunset and twilight and moonlight meet.
For the dead day's pyre, like dreaming desire,
Duskily reddens the West with its fire;
That leaps ere it dies, as the longing that lies
In the slumbering depths of a woman's warm eyes!

Sing me a song of the lengthening stride
O'er the glimmering breadth of the long lagoon,
Beginning to gleam as the jewel moon
Full over the sable pines doth ride!
Till full on his sight, to the lover's delight,
A figure glides clear in the silvery night;
And she comes as of yore to her lover once more,
As in Summer she came through the pines on the shore!

Sing me a song of the lingering feet
O'er the starlit face of the glassy stream!
Yet, bright as our crystal path may seem,
The chartless channel of Love's more sweet!
The wind may blow, and the moon drop low,
And the shadows lie long o'er the leagues of snow;
But youth and love, and the warmth thereof,
Reign ever and bright as the stars above.

—CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A Cruise in a Slipper

SUCH a freshet as it was!—steady rain for a week; all the brooks yellow with mud, and foaming down their rocky channels; all the creeks rushing and hurrying to the rivers, till they could not stop to go around the bends, but ran 'cross-lots; all the rivers rising and swelling and spreading, till they overflowed the meadows, crept up to the farms, swept away houses and barns, tore up trees by the roots and fences by the posts, and carried whole villages afloat down to the coast. The oldest inhabitant could not remember such a flood since the days of his boyhood.

What wonder that a little white, downy chicken, just one week old, while his brothers and sisters and even his mother could not save themselves, should have thought his brief life ended when the rushing torrent bore away the family coop? But fortune sometimes favors the timid and weak as well as the brave and strong; and so it happened that, just as a great wave overturned the coop and swept off Mrs. Hen and all the rest of her children, this feeblest and smallest of the brood, little white Downy, managed to flutter into an old slipper that was tossing along, and squeezing up into the toe of it, hid his head under his wing and peeped piteously for help.

It was a good, stout, waterproof, seaworthy slipper in which he had embarked, did Downy but know it, and it rode the current lightly enough, in spite of his weight in the toe. Indeed, by ballasting the toe in this way he was unconsciously doing just what any old sailor would have advised him to do; for the front part of the slipper being decked over, could safely sink into the water lower than the heel, thus keeping the shallow part well above the surface. Downy was certainly safe for the time being—as safe as he would have been under his mother's wings on board a barrel, or any other great Dutch-built craft.

On floated the slipper, amid planks, pails, butter-tubs, old hats, brooms, furniture, washboards, wagon-boxes, hayrakes, and scores of other articles which the farmers and their wives had had no time to save. Occasionally the slipper would run against some heavier craft, and then it would whirl round and round and drift off into some new eddy of the current, all the time light and water-tight; and, but for the melancholy circumstances of the trip, as neat and cozy a pleasure boat as a chicken could have wished.

By and by Downy began to feel more contented and hopeful. He ceased his frightened cries and took his head out from under his wing. The rain had ceased, and bright sunshine was streaming over the waste of waters. It shone so cheerfully into the heel of the slipper that Downy could not resist the temptation to go "abaft," as sailors would say, to warm himself up a bit, and have a look at the scenery. So he crept timidly out from his cabin, and stood on the lower deck, turning his bright little bead-like eyes in every direction, as if he hoped to see his mother and the rest of the family somewhere on the horizon, scratching for worms. But the only living thing in sight was a dog, floating along in a washtub.

A great desire came over Downy to get up where he could see more of the watery world around him; so he very carefully perched himself on the edge of the slipper, and making a quick jump, landed on the upper deck. It was a very dangerous thing to do, and for several minutes the little craft tossed and rolled as if it would tip over. The wonder is that Downy did not tumble off the deck and get drowned, but he hung on tightly with his toes, and managed to keep his balance until the slipper began to ride smoothly again. Then he straightened up and took a good look about him. On every side the water was dotted with drifting objects. Whole houses were floating past, with the water up to their second-story windows, and barns, of which little more could be seen than the roof and eaves. About a mile away, a church was drifting along, spire and all. Downy could even see the bell in the tower; and occasionally, when the lower part of the church would touch bottom, and jar, the bell would ring faintly. Here and there a rowboat, with one or two men in it, was gliding about among the houses and barns, and far-off shouts floated across the water and died away without an echo.

Oh! how Downy hoped that some of the boats would come near enough to see or hear him, and pick him up! He cried for help at the top of his lungs, but although it seemed as if some of the men must have heard him, none paid the slightest attention, but let him drift along on the deck of his slipper, as if he were of no more account than a bunch of feathers.

The afternoon sun began to drop down toward the distant hills and the wide sheet of calm water over which the slipper was floating gleamed like a floor of gold. Downy had jumped down to the lower deck again. He was very hungry and began to look around to see if there wasn't something in the slipper which he could eat. He explored the heel and he explored the toe, but not

so much as a stowaway bug or a kernel of grain could he find. It was dreadful to have such an empty feeling in his stomach! He had never known what it was to be really hungry before.

Suddenly, while Downy was in the cabin, he felt the slipper strike against something. Then there was a grinding sound under the sole of the toe, and the motion of the little craft ceased. Greatly frightened, Downy ran out on deck, but you can imagine how delighted he was when he found that his ship had run aground on an island—a very small island, for the water covered all but the highest part of it, a little knoll about as large as an old-fashioned country bed. But there were some bushes on the knoll, and three or four big rocks, so that it looked like quite a continent to the little castaway chicken. You may be sure he was not long getting on the upper deck, and from there he made a jump that brought him safely to land. The slipper, relieved of his weight, ran a little further up on the beach and grounded once more.

The first thing Downy did was to hunt for some supper. He ran in and out among the bushes and rocks, chasing bugs which would have been invisible to any eye but a chicken's, and then he scratched up and ate half a dozen worms; all of which made him such a hearty supper that he was perfectly content to creep into a crevice between two rocks, settle down on some dry leaves and go to sleep.

All the next day and the day following Downy remained on his desert island. He found plenty to eat, lived heartily, and spent the time between meals in exploring or sleeping. But at last he grew tired of the solitary, monotonous life of a chicken Robinson Crusoe, and determined to continue his voyage down the river. So, having caught a large quantity of bugs, and scratched up some forty or fifty worms, he stowed them away in the cabin of the slipper as provisions for his voyage, pushed his boat into the water again, and jumped aboard. "Before very long," he thought, "I must surely come to a farm or a village, and then I will be picked up and well taken care of, and perhaps I shall get some news of the rest of the family."

It was about noon of the second day after leaving the island, when Downy was on the upper deck, taking observations and sunning himself, that a dark shadow

fell over the boat, and looking up, the frightened chicken saw a great hawk pouncing down upon him out of the sky. The little fellow had just time to make a flying leap and scurry into the cabin when the hawk's sharp talons closed upon the slipper. The great bird raised the slipper, and Downy with it, into the air. For miles the hawk swept along, the wind whistling around the slipper, and the bird's wings beating up and down with a rushing sound. Then the hawk gave a shrill, angry, frightened cry, and suddenly dropped the slipper from his talons. He had been overtaken by an eagle, and was glad enough to let go his prize, in order to escape with his life. Down through the air fell the chicken and the slipper, ever faster and faster. Poor little Downy, with the breath almost driven out of his body, braced his toes against the side of the cabin, shut his eyes, and waited for what he thought must be certain death. But, fortunately, the hawk had not passed beyond the flooded valley when he dropped the slipper, and as it fell it struck the water, heel first, dived nearly out of sight, then came up again, righted itself, and floated once more, though half full of water.

Downy was drenched, but not drowned. He lay gasping in the cabin for several minutes; and fortunate it was that he could not stir, for the eagle had followed the slipper downward in its flight through the air, and was now wheeling about it, watching with keen eyes for any sign of life. Seeing nothing, however, but an old slipper half full of water, and not being hungry enough to care for a meal of leather, he soon sailed away, without getting a glimpse of the hidden chicken.

After a while Downy came out and shook his wings in the sunshine. In spite of his wet feet—for he was standing in half an inch of water—and in spite of the fact that all his bugs and worms were gone, leaving him without a thing to eat, the little fellow was so glad to have escaped with his life that he could not help peeping with gratitude. Besides, land was in sight, and the slipper was slowly drifting toward it. This was comforting, for, if Downy's boat did not sink, he must surely reach the shore before sundown. If only he could get some of the water out of the slipper! But there seemed no way to do this, unless he drank it. "Well, that *is* an idea!" said Downy to himself; and, as he was thirsty as well as hungry, he dipped his bill into the water, looked thankfully up to the sky, and kept on dipping and swallowing until he had lowered the water in the slipper almost two thimblefuls!

Just before sunset the slipper drifted into a swifter current, and began to approach the shore at the tremendous rate of half a mile an hour. The river, at this point, had grown narrower, and ran between high banks, which had not been overflowed at all by the freshet. There were houses on the banks, and beyond them were towers and steeples. It was evidently a large town that Downy was approaching, and he knew that somebody must soon see him and pick him up; so he climbed on the upper deck of the slipper once more and began to cry "Help!" as loudly as he could peep.

Presently a boy came running down the bank from one of the houses. "Oh, papa!" he cried to a man who was standing in the doorway of the house, "here is a little chicken floating in a shoe! Won't you come down and take me out in the boat to save him?"

The man came down the bank, laughing heartily, and unchaining a boat which was drawn up on the shore, put his little boy into it and rowed out to the floating slipper. Oh, how glad wet, cold, hungry little Downy was when the boy put out his hand and, picking him up, slipper and all, took him into the boat! He nestled inside the boy's warm coat and peeped his thanks as he was carried ashore.

"May I keep him for my own pet, papa?" asked the boy.

"You must ask him," laughed the boy's father. "He is an independent little fellow, and evidently belongs to himself."

"Well, chicky, what do you say?" asked the boy.

And Downy peeped, as distinctly as he possibly could: "I am yours forever!"

Thus happily ended Downy's cruise in a slipper.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

MISS GREEN'S CHARITY CONCERT.

SHERRY'S white and gold ballroom was well filled with a fashionably dressed audience on the evening of the 5th inst., the occasion being the Charity Concert given by the pupils of Miss Nora Maynard Green in aid of the Working-Girls' Vacation Fund. As a dance was to follow the musical portion of the entertainment, the ladies present were mostly in full evening dress, and the effect on entering the room was accordingly both beautiful and brilliant. Miss Green's pupils carried out an attractive and carefully arranged programme in a manner that did infinite credit both to their own talent and industry and to the skill of their accomplished instructress. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Pierson were the favorites with the audience, and Miss Wood's rendering of Gounod's "Sappho" was heard with much pleasure. Miss Ruth Baynard, a very youthful but talented *violiniste* from Charleston, S. C., played violin obligatos to Haesche's *Ave Maria* sung by Miss Booth, and to the "Christ Child" sung by Mrs. Smith, and was deservedly admired for her artistic execution and peculiarly graceful manipulation of the bow. A word of praise is also due to Miss Grace Joslyn, whose accompaniments on the piano added greatly to the pleasure of the audience. At the conclusion of the concert Miss Green was called for by the audience and treated to a round of applause. The floor was then cleared for dancing, which was kept up until midnight.

OUR NEW NOVELS.

"PEG, THE RAKE," Rita's latest and cleverest novel, will appear with No. 18 of ONCE A WEEK in the fortnightly Library series. It is a decidedly original story, daring in conception and brilliant in execution. The heroine is not quite so bad as the title would indicate, and her mysterious past is satisfactorily explained to the reader before the book closes. Wit, pathos and deep sentiment are admirably blended in the author's treatment of the various characters that enter into the story. Peg, the Rake, Lady Pat and Miss Bedelia O'Hara are such life-like presentations that one cannot help suspecting that they were drawn from real models. Mrs. O'Hara, Peg's English stepmother, with her cheese-paring economy and her incompetence to realize the nature of the strange girl to whom she is called upon to fulfill the office of a guardian, makes a sharp contrast to the self-dependence of Peg, the Rake. The heroine has all the faults of an impetuous and haughty Irishwoman, but is so lovable withal that the reader's sympathies are with her throughout her whole sad history. The book carries its own recommendation, as from the first page it will be found deeply interesting.

"Montezuma's Daughter," by H. Rider Haggard, will be the next novel after "Peg, the Rake" to appear in the Library series.

Town Topics has begun the publication of a highly interesting series of portraits in colors of distinguished types of American citizens. These pictures will be eagerly sought after by all classes of the readers of the sprightly and gossippy journal.

BROKEN IN.

Smythe—"So you're in favor of woman suffrage, are you? How would you feel if your wife should vote exactly in opposition to you?"

Tompkins—"Oh, regular! Do you suppose I've been married fifteen years for nothing?"

A WEEKLY UNEXCELLED.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—Inclosed you will please find ten (10) cents with coupon, as requested, for the pattern number 6275, Ladies' Cape. I suppose the size I have written on the coupon will be sufficent to enable you to send the correct pattern.

My father has taken the ONCE A WEEK, I think, since it was first published some four years ago, and since then I have been a constant reader, and look for the paper to come every week. For choice reading, and the news of the week it is unexcelled, likewise fashions; I have gotten many little points in dress, etc., which could not be found in other papers. By sending the pattern at your earliest possible convenience, you will greatly oblige,

Truly yours, ANNA L. GILL.

SYBIL SANDERSON.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

WHEN I first saw and heard Miss Sanderson, a few weeks ago at the Paris Grand Opera, her work surprised me. The French, in spite of their genuine love of art, and in spite of the great successes that American singers have had in their two opera houses—the Grand Opera and the Opera Comique—are not over-fond of foreign singers. So when a foreigner makes an impression among them one may be sure that there is good reason for it. Perhaps this explains the caviling with regard to Miss Sanderson's work that had been repeated to me in Paris before I was able to judge for myself of the singer's merits. I was told, on the one hand, that her voice was too light for grand opera, on the other, that her voice was brilliant enough, but that she could not act, that she was cold and stiff on the stage. On all sides, however, praises of her beauty were ringing. So, when I attended a performance of "Thais" at the Grand Opera House I was prepared to see a beautiful woman. When Thais appeared on the scene, however, in a wonderful Greek robe of green silk, shot with silver figures, my highest expectations were surpassed. I am convinced that when Miss Sanderson appears in New York, she will be pronounced one of the most beautiful women on the stage to-day. Her beauty is quite different from the classic, Madonna-like beauty of Mme. Emma Eames; it is not in the least spirituelle, but wholly suggestive of one of the daughters of Eve. Though not above medium height, Miss Sanderson gives one the impression of being a tall, willowy woman. This is due largely to her admirable carriage; she bears herself with marvelous ease and dignity, and her slightest movements are gracefully made. Her face is oval, a little heavy in the lower part, perhaps, but fine and noble in the brow and eyes. Her eyes are sure to be much discussed by her admiring countrymen; they are great grayish-blue eyes, full of fire and soul, and marked by long dark lashes. Her hair is of a deep brown, with glints of light in it, and it falls over her forehead in natural waves. In the art of make-up, Miss Sanderson is a past mistress; not a detail is missed, and the effect is one of rare and sumptuous beauty. Her costumes in "Thais," of that most trying color to a woman, become her wonderfully, with their classic curves changing and undulating as she walks.

So much for Miss Sanderson's looks. On seeing her, I could understand why her beauty was so generally recognized. When she sang she revealed a voice of, it is true, a light quality, but so perfectly well trained, so firm, so true, so absolutely accurate and so faithful to the composer's score, that it could plainly be heard all over the opera house, and it must have given a distinct artistic pleasure to every one in the vast audience. Moreover, it had that *human* quality without which the finest of voices is unsatisfactory, the quality that denotes color, warmth and feeling. "Thais" was written for Miss Sanderson; so it afforded her an opportunity to display her high notes, which are of remarkable sweetness, though their excellence has by no means been attained, as is in the case of some singers, by a sacrifice of the purity of the lower register. In the use of the half-voice the artiste showed the value of her training; the excellence of tone was maintained and the articulation was absolutely clear and distinct. In speaking of Miss Sanderson's articulation, by the way, I must say a few words with regard

SYBIL SANDERSON.

to the way in which she uses the French language. In hearing her sing, one who did not know that French was foreign to her would never suspect this fact; the French critics pay her the compliment of saying that she sings with absolutely no accent. This, by the way, is rare among American singers.

But the quality in Miss Sanderson's performance that surprised me most was the excellence of her acting. I do not hesitate to say that among all the singers now appearing in opera, with the exception of Mme. Calvé, she stands pre-eminent for dramatic power. For my part, I was unable to discover anything mechanical in her acting; it does give one the impression of being wonderfully accurate and well thought out, but it is also free and natural and convincing. The artiste is especially excellent in her bowing; she has learned, possibly, from studying the performances of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—who is unsurpassed in this regard—the value of using the arms to produce broad, sweeping effects. Some of her attitudes are intensely expressive and dramatic, and in those expressing gentleness and coolness she is equally successful.

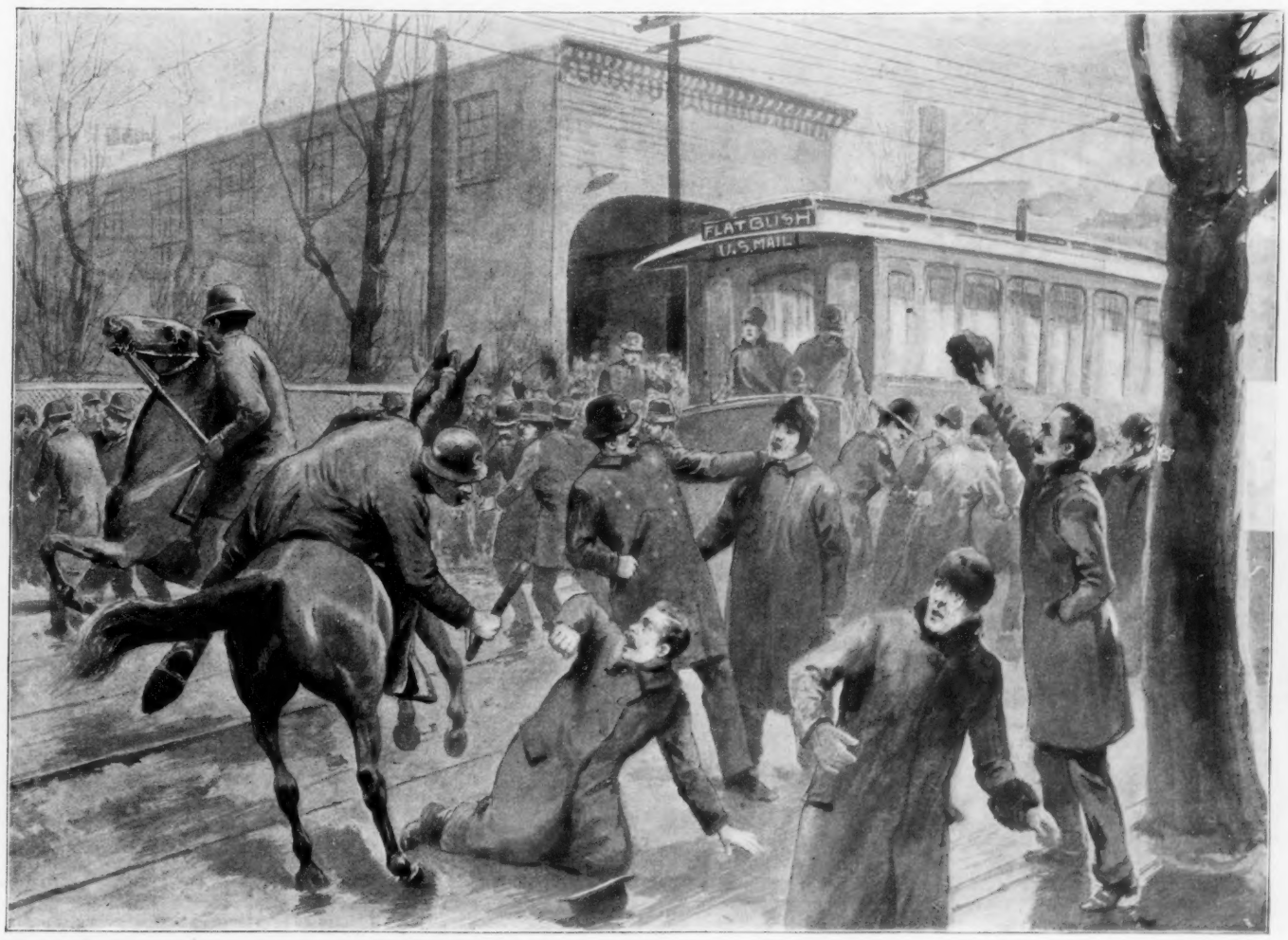
Since seeing Miss Sanderson in "Thais" I have studied her work in other roles, among them that most trying role to a lyric singer, Juliette. These have strengthened my first impression of her, that she is an artiste of very rare quality and that she will be recognized as such in America.

Recently, on the occasion of her farewell appearance at the Grand Opera, I had the pleasure of meeting her in her dressing-room and having a little chat with her. "I'm terribly nervous," she said with a smile. "I want to go back home and sing there, but I don't know how I shall be received—I don't know how they'll like me. Then I dread the voyage so! What am I to do over there? Well, I shall sing several of my old roles, the ones I sang while I was at the Comique, before I came to the Grand Opera."

When I spoke of her preparation for her work and of her great success, she cried: "Of course, I have had great good fortune, but I've also had to toil for it. Who were my teachers? Well, I have had several. I began with Sbriglia, and my last teachers were Mme. Marchesi and Monsieur Massenet. How did I learn to speak French so well? Thank you for saying that I do speak it well. If I do," she added with a laugh, as she rose to obey a summons to reappear on the stage, "it is because it has been drilled into me, after nine years of labor, you know."

WHILE the French were "degrading" Captain Dreyfus, for delivering plans concerning the national defense to two foreign countries—presumably Germany and Italy—Captain Romani, a French officer, was sentenced to imprisonment in Italy for espionage on the Italian frontier. He was taken with the proofs of his guilt on his person.

THE reign of the second Nicholas may be even more momentous to Russia and to the world than that of the great Nicholas whose death led to the collapse of the Crimean War. The situation in the Empire is pithily summarized by Stepniak. Russia is ruled by bureaus and petty tyrants and not by the Czar. The people have no local representation even by the nobles. If they had, the Central Government, even if it is a despotism, would not tolerate the treachery and inhuman oppression of the local bureaucratic spies and cutthroats. The whole world has cause for rejoicing in the latest move of Nicholas II. Prominent personages, as well as officials, have been summoned to St. Petersburg, to enable the Czar to ascertain the situation and desires of the people in all the Provinces.



THE GREAT BROOKLYN TROLLEY TIE-UP.

STARTING THE FIRST CAR FROM THE FLATBUSH AVENUE DEPOT WITH NEW MEN.

American Comic Journalism

BY T. B. CONNERY

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"THE journalists," wrote Carlyle, "are now the true kings and clergy. Henceforth historians, unless they are fools, must write not of Bourbon dynasties, and Tudors, and Hapsburgs, but of stamped, broad sheet dynasties, and quite new successive names, according as this or the other able editor, or combination of able editors, gains the world's ear."

The old kingly rulers had their professional fools, or jesters, and the new "broad sheet dynasties" have not been without theirs. But the comic journals have been something more than the glib clowns of their elder brethren, the dignified morning and evening newspapers. More than once in our own history has the power of caricature, manifested through the pages of comic newspapers here and elsewhere, roused the patriotism that was dormant and turned the scale in favor of mighty reforms. Witness Ben Franklin in our Revolutionary days, and Tom Nast in our own recent municipal history.

"The wittiest person in a comedy is he that plays the fool," wrote Cervantes, which is not without its application to comic journalism. For often have the great newspapers of the country—"the new broad sheet dynasties"—thundered away for days and weeks and months without stirring up the proper public sentiment until the bright wit and daring caricature of the comic suddenly and with one blow, as it were, struck straight to the heart of the evil. If, therefore, the comics are in a certain sense the trained jesters or fools of the new dynasty, who tickle our risibles and make us "laugh and grow fat," they are also the sagacious agents who make us "laugh and be wise," as Martial wrote, and a little more, for they are the vigilant sharpshooters who never miss their aim when deadly shots are demanded.

Of course there have been bad comics just as there have been wicked professional fools and jesters of the Courts; but as parts of the new great dynasty, so pithily described by Carlyle, their biographies should be preserved along with those of the good. I propose to do so—that is, so far as lies in my power. The men of the first three generations of our century, who were connected with the comic branch of journalism, are rapidly passing away, and, short as has been the time since our first professed funny papers were introduced, traces of some of them are already difficult to find, and even the names of their editors and proprietors are involved in doubt. It is high time, therefore, to make an attempt to rescue from oblivion facts that may be hereafter of interest respecting the infancy and growth of so important a branch of American journalism. The few facts I have been able to gather and group together will at least have the value of rendering the task of the future and more competent historian of comic journalism less difficult and uncertain.

How very difficult this task may become later on if no attempt is made now to rescue the necessary facts from threatened oblivion will be easily imagined after reading the following letter from one of the founders of *Yankee Doodle*:

"I have no copy of the paper to which your note refers, nor do I remember much about it. I only know that I used to write an occasional joke for it, when it was in the hands of John Brougham, but I never had any direct connection with it. I think it passed out of Brougham's hands into those of Richard Grant White."

I do not feel at liberty to give the name of the distinguished journalist whose statement I thus publish. I merely use it with the purpose of giving an idea of how difficult it has been to gather very necessary information, when even one of the *literati* prominently connected with the starting of one of our earliest comics has forgotten his own connection with it in a most remarkable manner, as will be seen when I come to treat of *Yankee Doodle* further on.

Another gentleman to whom I wrote, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, sent me the following answer:

"NEW YORK, *March 7, 1883.*

"MY DEAR SIR—I duly received your letter relative to the comic papers—but I am sorry to say that I have no material that would be of service to you. I asked in starting a comic paper, somewhere about the year 1850. I think it was called *Judy*. It was under the direction of Mr. Couzens, the author of "The Sparrow-grass Papers." I thought I had a volume among my effects—but the search for it has proved unsuccessful. It would have given me much pleasure to be of service to you in this or in any other manner.

"Very truly yours,

"THOS. B. CONNERY, Esq. PETER B. SWEENY."

Now in regard to *Yankee Doodle* it is only necessary to state that Brougham never owned it, though he may have contributed to it; and as to *Judy*, it was started away back in 1846, not in 1850, as Mr. Sweeny supposed. The comic which the latter gentleman aided in starting in 1850 was *Punchinello*, as he promptly admitted when I called his attention to the fact!

"You are right," wrote Mr. Sweeny, "it was *Punchinello*. Mr. Gould, Mr. Fisk and I were the original, or adopted, projectors, and, I suppose, financial props."

My first regular engagement on the press was as assistant editor of a New York comic paper. *The Pick* was the name of the paper on which I made my début; its editor—whom for the present I shall call Jones—was a queer, uncouth, unkempt individual, with little education and not one qualification that I can recall now fitting him for the self-imposed duty. He had been, I was told, at one time private secretary to a well-known South Carolina statesman, and naturally enough had absorbed all the peculiar political views of that able exponent of State rights and the sacredness of slavery. I suppose he must have been naturally bright, though I was never fortunate enough to see any evidence of it. In my boyish eyes he was only a shiftless, lazy, unintellectual man, always willing to allow somebody else to do the work while he enjoyed the honors and profits—such as these were. How he happened to join the ranks of journalism must ever remain a mystery. I only know that he had been employed first on the New York *Picayune*, and, after being forced off that paper, started *The Pick* on a very modest capital.

In some way unnecessary to explain now I became acquainted with Jones and was invited to join "the staff" as assistant editor. The thing had a fine sound in my ears, and I was green enough to be tickled by the grandeur of an editorial position in any shape or form. I had never seen a copy of *Pick*, nor its office, so that my fancy was at liberty to paint both in glowing colors. I allowed myself to picture *Pick* as an American imitation of *Punch*, and its home a palatial establishment with luxurious appointments and all things useful at hand, such as comfortable desks and well-filled book-shelves. Jones had spoken of "the staff," and I expected, as assistant editor, to occupy a very exalted position over its members.

I accepted, of course, the offer of such a high post, though not without a little awe mingled with a great deal of elation. I was to receive five dollars per week as salary, not very princely pay, assuredly, but of what consequence the filthy lucre with so much honor countervailing?

I promised to be at the office of *Pick* at eleven o'clock next morning to assume the editorial *toga* and responsibilities, and Jones was so extraordinarily pleased that he wrung both my hands warmly as if it was I, not he, who was conferring a favor. How completely I was disillusioned when at last I stood in front of the dingy-looking building on White Street, near Broadway! How I tried to comfort myself with the thought that at least the exterior shabbiness would be more than compensated for by the interior elegance. So I mounted the stoop, clutched the bell-handle and pulled rather gently. No one answered, and I pulled again without attracting attention from within. Then I jerked the bell in a way intended to intimate that it would admit of no trifling. In a moment feet were shuffling through the hall, and a seedy, surly-looking fellow opened the door.

"Well, phat de ye want, me man?" was the question put to me gruffly, in rich Hibernian brogue.

"Does Mr. Jones live here?"

"Misther Jones? And how should I know? Couldn't ye opin the dure for yerself? Shure, it's not locked."

"Well, is this the office of *Pick?*" I asked.

"*Pick!* arrah pick yerself inside and see. How do I know whether pick or shovel is here?"

"It's a newspaper, I mean," said I, smiling.

"Oh! a newspaper, is it? Well, I dunno. There's a feller wid a lot ov blocks and paste-pots on the flure above. Mebbe it's him ye're afther. Divil a wan o' me knows what he calls hisself. Ye can walk up and see, there beyant."

I walked up "there beyant" and knocked at one of three doors; and, as a response did not come quickly enough, in very bad humor I gave the door a very wicked pound, with immediate results.

"PICK'S" Complete Staff

"Hello! who the devil is that?" came from a voice very much like that of the comic editor himself. There were sounds as of more than one pair of feet jumping on the floor suddenly, and moving about in haste and confusion. There were also the unmistakable tones of a crying infant, followed by a soothing "Hush, be quiet, baby dear," in a pleasant female voice.

I began to think I had made a serious mistake and that I had assaulted the wrong entrance, when the key turned, the door was pushed slightly ajar, and visions of disheveled hair were revealed. The owner of one of the disheveled heads was Jones himself.

"Hello! it's you, is it? Wait one minute," said Jones, closing the door quickly.

In a few seconds a door at the other end of the hall was opened, and I was invited to "come in." I went in, and found Jones in shirt and drawers still occupied in the task of mastering his buttons. Such an office and such luxurious appointments as my eye took in at one glance! An old table, three chairs and as many paste-pots in a room dirty enough to warrant the suspicion that it had not been swept for a month. Papers were strewn all over the floor; the walls were decorated with circus bills and engravings, unframed, from foreign illustrated papers; the library consisted of a city directory and a few ledgers containing the list of subscribers. There was a heap of old black wooden blocks in one corner, which I subsequently ascertained to be the *bonanza* from which the great editor drew his wealth of comic illustrations.

"By Jingo! you've got me this morning, and no mistake," cried Jones. "You see we've been awake nearly the whole blessed night with baby, who was suffering from colic or something of that sort; and we were just getting forty winks when your knock aroused us. You've caught the high priest of fun, so to speak, in the arms of Morpheus."

He smiled good-humoredly, and I began to apologize, when he interrupted me.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It's not your fault. Just sit down for five minutes till I pull myself together, and I'll be with you again."

He ran off and left me to soliloquize among the paste-pots and wood-cuts.

"So this is the den of the comic muse, is it?" I said half aloud. "And I am to be assistant to this grand high priest of the paste-pots?"

For a few moments I was undecided whether to remain or beat a hasty retreat while Jones was engaged in "pulling himself together." I felt I had been sold by my own youthful imagination as much as by Jones's misrepresentations. But the contrast between fancy's picture and the reality was so droll that I yielded to the comic influence of the situation, and resolved to await the *rentrée* of the high priest only with the intention of getting a good half-hour's fun out of the interview that would follow, never for a moment dreaming that I would end by remaining as a member of "the staff." My hopes were disappointed, but at least I would have a little amusement.

Jones's five minutes must have lengthened to thirty, during which he obtained breakfast, perhaps, before he put in an appearance again, and then he was accompanied by Mrs. Pick and Baby Pick, borne in its mother's arms.

"We have now," said Mr. Jones, pleasantly, "the full editorial force, including yourself, for of course you are now one of us. This is the young literary genius I told you about, my dear" (addressing his wife), "and I consider him a great prize. Be good to him, darling, for his own sake as well as for mine. You will find my little wife" (addressing me) "well up in the editorial trick—quite able to lend a hand when occasion requires."

I did my best to get on a good footing with the lady and the baby, pulling gently the ears of young Pick and stroking its cheeks until the inevitable yell caused its withdrawal. Then Mr. Jones began to explain the duties of my position, from which it was very evident I was to be a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. I was to address the wrappers of papers to subscribers, help to get advertisements, collect bills, and do other small chores, besides reading all the papers, dashing off poetry occasionally, writing minor editorials and manufacturing jokes to fit the stock of comic illustration already on hand. The post of assistant was to be no sinecure. As well as I could see, it comprised pretty much the entire running of the intellectual and manual branches of the establishment, excepting the type-setting and press-work, leaving little or nothing for the time and talents of the rest of "the staff." And all for five dollars per week!

I suggested that the task would be too great—that my inexperience would not be equal to it, and that only failure could come of intrusting to my hands such a gigantic and complex undertaking.

"Stuff and nonsense! You're just fitted for the thing. Brains, wit, poetry, scholarship! Tut, tut, man, don't talk of failure. I'd like to catch you at it. In the lexicon of youth, sir, there's no such word as fail. Besides, won't I always be here to supervise?" exclaimed Jones, in an overwhelming manner that admitted of no contradiction.

"How did my predecessor get on?" I asked, timidly.

"Predecessor!" echoed Jones, scratching his head. "Ah! ah! yes. Well, you see this is how it was. He got on right enough. But his ideas were too advanced

for us in one respect. An absurd notion got into his pate that the editor and proprietor must be a sort of Monte Cristo, and—"

He hesitated, and I added:

"I suppose he considered the compensation inadequate—not equal to his merit."

"That's it," said Jones, slapping me on the shoulder. "But I am sure you will understand that in our present circumstances we are not like Bennett or Webb; we can't afford to pay ruinous prices."

"No, of course not," I said, modestly. "But it is not so much the compensation as the nature of my duties that deters me; I'm afraid I could not discharge so many and varied duties."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense! Don't think of such a thing," said Jones.

"But I must," I said. "I don't want to attempt the impossible."

"Impossible! My dear sir, it's as easy as rolling off a log. There isn't more

than eight or ten hours' work a day, and it's all child's play."

"Perhaps it is, when you are master of it all, as you are. But indeed, Mr. Jones, I couldn't undertake it," I replied.

"What! after accepting and coming here, are you going to back out? No, no! you mustn't think of such a thing. I'll tell you what I'll do in your case. You shall have five per cent of the collections. There, now, I think that's generous; and I only offer it because I have taken a great fancy to you, and so has Mrs. J.," urged Jones, with a very persuasive smile. "How does that proposition strike you?"

It didn't strike me at all, but I didn't say so, and Jones, taking my silence for consent, rattled away, drawing a pretty picture of the wealth to be conquered in the course of time by the energetic and talented assistant editor. There was no saying nay to such a man, and so I promised, finally, to "buckle to," as he put it, asking only for a postponement of the buckling until next day.

"My dear boy, we were born to make each other's fortune," said he, heartily, shaking my hands, and I left the editorial sanctum with the united blessings of Mr. and Mrs. Pick, and a parting scowl from the cantankerous Hibernian downstairs.

My experience on *Pick* will serve to illustrate in a measure what comic journalism was, at least in one instance, before *Puck*, *Judge*, *Texas Siftings* or the other great funny publications had made their appearance. I do not mean that there were not other comic enterprises in existence about the time of and preceding the publication of *Pick;* but they all had short and not very merry lives. In fact, the real fun, as Hudson remarks in his history of journalism, was in the daily papers, whose editors made things quite lively by their sharp and piquant personalities. It is not overstating the fact to assert that people bought the papers in those days quite as much to see what droll and funny things Noah, Webb, Walsh and Bennett said of each other as to get the news "from all parts of the world." Journalistic warfare was bitter—even savage at times—and the public went for their papers with something of the same kind of feeling as to a gladiatorial show—to see which editor received or delivered the heaviest blows of the day.

(Continued next week.)

CHESS.

NEW YORK chess players are in the thick of the Metropolitan League fight for a handsome trophy. The City Club opened the contest by administering a severe defeat to the Newark Club, scoring six and a half points out of a possible eight. E. Hymes, captain of Newark, won a game for the Jersey men, and it will be found in this column. Loyd, the problemist, very appropriately declared a mate in five moves after playing a game of eighteen moves with H. Driscoe. Two nights later Brooklyn met the Manhattan Club team and scored four and a half points to three and a half. The City Club, with a very strong team, headed by Showalter, is considered a likely winner of the trophy.

J. Mieses, the German expert, and M. Janowski are playing an important international match at a famous chess centre, the Café de la Régence in Paris. The latest score stands 2—1 in favor of Janowski.

M. Taubenhaus of Paris bids fair to win the match of ten games up which he is playing at Havana with Senor Vazquez, the Cuban. At present the Parisian leads.

Twelve players have entered the handicap tourney of the City Chess Club. Mr I. Lewkowicz, who is playing with Showalter, Delmar and Devide in class I.A. in this tourney, is a newcomer in the American chess world. In the first round of the tourney he drew with Showalter. More will probably be heard of Mr. Lewkowicz when he accustoms himself to the style of play prevalent in New York.

CITY *vs.* NEWARK.

Messrs. Jasnogrodsky (City) and E. Hymes (Newark) played one of the most interesting games in the first round of the Metropolitan Chess League Tournament. In the end game Jasnogrodsky all but turned the tables on his opponent, though a rook to the bad. Critics who followed the game arrived at the conclusion that black might have forced a draw by perpetual check if he had given check with the Q after Q x R. White's skill in avoiding the draw was admirable.

WHITE. Hymes.	BLACK. Jasnogrodsky.	WHITE. Hymes.	BLACK. Jasnogrodsky.
1 P-K 4	P-K 3	21 P x B	Q-B 4
2 P-Q 4	P-Q 4	22 B-B 4	Kt x K P
3 Kt-Q B 2	Kt-K B 3	23 B x P ch	K-R
4 P-K 5	K Kt-Q 2	24 RxQ Kt P	Q x P ch
5 Q Kt-K 2	P-Q B 4	25 K-Kt	Kt-B 6
6 P-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	26 Q-Q B 2	Kt-Q 7 ch
7 B-K 3	Q-Kt 3	27 K-B	Q-R 8 ch
8 Q-Q 2	P x P	28 K x Kt	Q x R
9 P x P	B-Kt 5	29 Q-B 7	R-B 7 ch
10 Kt-Q B 3	Castles	30 K-B 3	Q-K 8 ch
11 P-K B 4	P-K B 3	31 K-Q 4	R-Q 7 ch
12 Kt-K B 3	P x P	32 K-B 5	Q-K 6 ch
13 B P x P	R x Kt	33 K-Kt 4	P-R 4 ch
14 P x R	Kt(Q2)xK P	34 K x P	Q-R 6 ch
15 P x Kt	P-Q 5	35 K-Kt 5	Q-Q 6 ch
16 B x P	Kt x B	36 B-B 4	R-Kt 7 ch
17 Castles	Kt x B P	37 K-R 4	Q-B 7 ch
18 Q-B 4	B-Q 2	38 K-R 3	Resigns.
19 R x B	R-K B	1 h. 25 m.	1 h. 10 m.
20 Q-K 4	B x Kt		

PROBLEM No. 12.—BY J. BREDE, Altona, 1844.

BLACK (eleven pieces).

WHITE (eleven pieces).

White, to play, sacrifices all his pawns and every piece except one Kt, with which he gives mate on the sixteenth move.

Little is known of the composer of the above remarkable problem. That he was a skillful constructionist the problem amply demonstrates.

The extraordinary conditions laid down will not give solvers any very great difficulty after the initial moves. It will not lessen the interest of the problem if we give white's first moves, by which the pawns are disposed of: 1 Q-B 6 ch; 2 P-B 3 ch; 3 Q-K 6 ch; 4 P-K 3 ch; 5 Q-B 6 ch; 6 P-Q 3 ch.

The finale is very curious. Remember that black must have but one reply to each of white's moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 9.

BY CHAS. NUGENT, New York.

Kt-R 6; P-K 5.
K-B 3; P x Kt, K-Kt 4.

ANALYSIS OF PROBLEM NO. 9.

Our analyst writes: "This problem belongs to the class of 'Indian' problems, so called because the theme on which they are based was originated in a celebrated problem published by Howard Staunton, the author of which was reported to be an accomplished player of India. The idea of the Indian is to relieve the black king from a stalemate by masking the power of one of the white pieces, thus allowing the black K to move, and then mate follows by discovered check. Looking at No. 9 we find that black K cannot move; but he threatens to advance R P to R 4, after which if K moves to R 2 mate in three is impossible. It is necessary to stop this advance, which is done by Kt-R 6. Now if black takes off Kt, or moves Kt x P, mate follows at once. The only move left to avoid this is P-K 5, which confronts the solver with a remarkable position, since black stands in a position of stale-mate. The experienced solver classes the problem at once as an Indian, and looks for a way in which white can move so as to give black a move and mate by discovered check. The only move that does this is K-B 3, allowing black to advance P or capture Kt. Curiously enough white K can move to but one square to give the desired check and that is the square from which he has just come, a move which gives both point and finish to the problem.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M. Hudson, Birmingham, Ala., and others.—Mason's Principles of Chess will meet your requirements. It is published by Horace Cox, London, Eng., at 2s. 6d., and is the latest, neatest and most concise guide to the royal game. Order through a bookseller, or Messrs. Brentano, New York.

W. B. Evans.—Solution to No. 8 correct. No. 9 was a three-move problem; see analysis above.

F. Warwick, St. Paul.—See analysis for explanation of No. 9. Solution to No. 8 correct.

C. L. Buschman, Indianapolis.—Solution to No. 8 correct.

C. L. Doty, Grand Rapids, Mich.—We must find you a more difficult problem. Solution to No. 9 correct.

"Lady Amateur," Atlanta, Ga., solves No. 8 correctly and writes: "This is a gem. Evidently its author is a consummate artist and understands thoroughly how to economize force and utilize pieces."

BY "A BLUE APRON."

ORANGE SALAD.—Peel and carefully scrape four ripe oranges, and cut them into rounds; remove the cores and pips carefully to avoid breaking the circles; mix three tablespoonfuls of sherry or equal portions of brandy and curacoa with sufficient orange-juice to partly cover the slices when arranged in a glass dish, and sweeten with powdered sugar to taste. Take a small packet of orange jelly, which may be purchased at your grocer's, and prepare it according to directions; when cold and set, chop it into dice and arrange it in a pyramid on the oranges and serve. A few preserved cherries or dice of red currant jelly are an improvement.

CHESTNUT CREAM.—Take from forty to fifty chestnuts, peel off the shell, then place them in hot water over the fire until sufficiently cooked to remove the inner skin. Then replace the chestnuts over the fire in a saucepan with two teacupfuls of water, sugar to taste, the juice of one lemon, and simmer slowly until they are quite tender. Pass them through a sieve or potato masher, and when cold pile in a dish and cover with whipped cream, flavored with liquor and nutmeg.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER'S review of Spanish-American authoresses, which appeared in ONCE A WEEK October 20, 1894, has attracted general attention in Spanish-American circles, and it has been translated into Spanish and republished in *La Gaceta Ilustrada* of New York, as well as in *La Habana Elegante* of Havana, Cuba.

The former Minister from Venezuela to the United States, General Bolet Peraya, published a biographical sketch of Mary Elizabeth Springer in the December number of his well-known literary review, *Las Tres Americas.*

Mary Elizabeth Springer was born in Matanzas, Cuba, of American parents; and through her mother's family she is a lineal descendant of the Jackson, Quincy and Alden families, some of the early settlers of New England, whose names fill a prominent place in the history of their country. Her father, Joseph Foster Spinger, was a descendant of a nobleman, who came over from Sweden in 1645 and settled in Delaware, where a Swedish colony existed at that time.

Miss Springer passed several years in Havana, Cuba, and her brother, Joseph Alden Springer, still holds the post of United States Vice-Consul-General at that place.

Several of Mary Elizabeth Springer's sketches have appeared in ONCE A WEEK, the *North American Review* and other periodicals; and she is also a frequent contributor with original short stories in Spanish to leading Spanish-American magazines.

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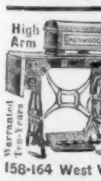

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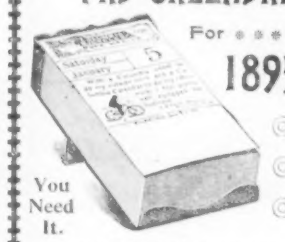

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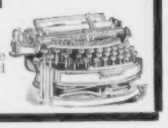

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